

**A WOMAN OF  
NO IMPORTANCE**

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN  
INTENTIONS

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING  
EARNEST

SELECTED POEMS

A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES  
AN IDEAL HUSBAND

LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S  
CRIME, AND OTHER STORIES

SALOMÉ, LA SAINTE COUR  
TISANE, A FLORENTINE  
TRAGEDY

DE PROFUNDIS

**A PLAY**

**BY**

**OSCAR WILDE**

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*The dramatic rights of 'A Woman of No  
Importance belong to Mr A G Ross, the  
Administrator of the late Mr Oscar Wilde,  
and to the executors of the late Sir Charles  
Beerholm Tree*

TO  
GLADYS  
COUNTESS DE GREY  
[MARCHIONESS OF RIPON]

## **THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY**

**LORD ILLINGWORTH**

**SIR JOHN PONTEFRACT**

**LORD ALFRED RUFFORD**

**MR KELVIL, M P**

**THE VEN ARCHDEACON DAUBENY, D D**

**GERALD ARBUTHNOT**

**FARQUHAR, Butler**

**FRANCIS, Footman**

**LADY HUNSTANTON**

**LADY CAROLINE PONTEFRACT**

**LADY STUTFIELD**

**MRS ALLONBY**

**MISS HESTER WORSLEY**

**ALICE, Maid**

**MRS ARBUTHNOT**

## THE SCENES OF THE PLAY

ACT I *The Terrace at Hunstanton Chase*

ACT II *The Drawing-room at Hunstanton Chase*

ACT III *The Hall at Hunstanton Chase*

ACT IV *Sitting-room in Mrs Arbuthnot's House at  
Wrockley*

TIME *The Present*

PLACE *The Shires*

*The action of the play takes place within  
twenty-four hours*

# LONDON HAYMARKET THEATRE

*Lessee and Manager Mr H Beerbohm Tree*  
*April 19th, 1893*

LORD ILLINGWORTH	<i>Mr Tree</i>
SIR JOHN PONTEFRACT	<i>Mr E Holman Clark</i>
LORD ALFRED RUFFORD	<i>Mr Ernest Lawford</i>
MR KELVIL, M P	<i>Mr Charles Allan</i>
THE VEN ARCHDEACON	
DAUBENY, D D	<i>Mr Kemble</i>
GERALD ARBUTHNOT	<i>Mr Terry</i>
FARQUHAR ( <i>Butler</i> )	<i>Mr Hay</i>
FRANCIS ( <i>Footman</i> )	<i>Mr Montague</i>
LADY HUNSTANTON	<i>Miss Rose Leclercq</i>
LADY CAROLINE PONTE-	
FRACT	<i>Miss Le Thière</i>
LADY STUTFIELD	<i>Miss Blanche Horlock</i>
MRS ALLONBY	<i>Mrs Tree</i>
MISS HESTER WORSLEY	<i>Miss Juha Neilson</i>
ALICE ( <i>Maid</i> )	<i>Miss Kelly</i>
MRS ARBUTHNOT	<i>Mrs Bernard Beere</i>



## **FIRST ACT**



## FIRST ACT

### SCENE

*Lawn in front of the terrace at Hunstanton*

[SIR JOHN and LADY CAROLINE PONTEFRAC, MISS WORSLEY, on chairs under large yew tree ]

LADY CAROLINE

I believe this is the first English country house you have stayed at, Miss Worsley ?

HESTER

Yes, Lady Caroline

LADY CAROLINE

You have no country houses, I am told, in America ?

HESTER

We have not many

LADY CAROLINE

Have you any country ? What we should call country ?

HESTER

[*Smiling*] We have the largest country in the world, Lady Caroline. They used to tell us at school that some of our states are as big as France and England put together.

LADY CAROLINE

Ah! you must find it very draughty, I should fancy. [*To SIR JOHN*] John, you should have your muffler. What is the use of my always knitting mufflers for you if you won't wear them?

SIR JOHN

I am quite warm, Caroline, I assure you.

LADY CAROLINE

I think not, John. Well, you couldn't come to a more charming place than this, Miss Worsley, though the house is excessively damp, quite unpardonably damp, and dear Lady Hunstanton is sometimes a little lax about the people she asks down here. [*To SIR JOHN*] Jane mixes too much. Lord Illingworth, of course, is a man of high distinction. It is a privilege to meet him. And that member of Parliament, Mr. Kettle

SIR JOHN

Kelvil, my love, Kelvil.

LADY CAROLINE

He must be quite respectable     One has never heard his name before in the whole course of one's life, which speaks volumes for a man, nowadays     But Mrs Allonby is hardly a very suitable person.

HESTER

I dislike Mrs Allonby     I dislike her more than I can say

LADY CAROLINE

I am not sure, Miss Worsley, that foreigners like yourself should cultivate likes or dislikes about the people they are invited to meet     Mrs. Allonby is very well born     She is a niece of Lord Brancaster's     It is said, of course, that she ran away twice before she was married     But you know how unfair people often are     I myself don't believe she ran away more than once.

HESTER

Mr Arbuthnot is very charming.

LADY CAROLINE

Ah, yes ' the young man who has a post in a bank Lady Hunstanton is most kind in asking him here, and Lord Illingworth seems to have taken quite a fancy to him I am not sure, however, that Jane is right in taking him out of his position. In my young days, Miss Worsley, one never met any one in society who worked for their living. It was not considered the thing

HESTER

In America those are the people we respect most.

LADY CAROLINE

I have no doubt of it.

HESTER

Mr Arbuthnot has a beautiful nature ' He is so simple, so sincere He has one of the most beautiful natures I have ever come across It is a privilege to meet *him*.

LADY CAROLINE

It is not customary in England, Miss Worsley, for a young lady to speak with such enthusiasm

of any person of the opposite sex English women conceal their feelings till after they are married They show them then

HESTER

Do you, in England, allow no friendship to exist between a young man and a young girl?

*[Enter LADY HUNSTANTON, followed by Footman with shawls and a cushion]*

LADY CAROLINE

We think it very inadvisable Jane, I was just saying what a pleasant party you have asked us to meet You have a wonderful power of selection It is quite a gift

LADY HUNSTANTON

Dear Caroline, how kind of you! I think we all do fit in very nicely together And I hope our charming American visitor will carry back pleasant recollections of our English country life. *[To Footman]* The cushion, there, Francis And my shawl. The Shetland Get the Shetland *[Exit Footman for shawl.]*

*[Enter GERALD ARBUTHNOT]*

GERALD

Lady Hunstanton, I have such good news to tell you    Lord Illingworth has just offered to make me his secretary

LADY HUNSTANTON

His secretary?    That is good news indeed, Gerald    It means a very brilliant future in store for you    Your dear mother will be delighted    I really must try and induce her to come up here to-night    Do you think she would, Gerald?    I know how difficult it is to get her to go anywhere.

GERALD

Oh! I am sure she would, Lady Hunstanton, if she knew Lord Illingworth had made me such an offer

*[Enter Footman with shawl]*

LADY HUNSTANTON

I will write and tell her about it, and ask her to come up and meet him.    *[To Footman.]*  
Just wait, Francis    *[Writes letter]*



LADY CAROLINE

That is a very wonderful opening for so young a man as you are, Mr Arbuthnot

GERALD

It is indeed, Lady Caroline I trust I shall be able to show myself worthy of it.

LADY CAROLINE

I trust so.

GERALD

[To HESTER] You have not congratulated me yet, Miss Worsley

HESTER

Are you very pleased about it?

GERALD

Of course I am It means everything to me -things that were out of the reach of hope before may be within hope's reach now

HESTER

Nothing should be out of the reach of hope.  
Life is a hope

LADY HUNSTANTON

I fancy, Caroline, that Diplomacy is what Lord Illingworth is aiming at I heard that he was offered Vienna But that may not be true

LADY CAROLINE

I don't think that England should be represented abroad by an unmarried man, Jane It might lead to complications.

LADY HUNSTANTON

You are too nervous, Caroline Believe me, you are too nervous Besides, Lord Illingworth may marry any day I was in hopes he would have married Lady Kelso But I believe he said her family was too large Or was it her feet? I forget which I regret it very much She was made to be an ambassador's wife

LADY CAROLINE

She certainly has a wonderful faculty of remembering people's names, and forgetting their faces

LADY HUNSTANTON

Well, that is very natural, Caroline, is it not?

[*To Footman*] Tell Henry to wait for an answer I have written a line to your dear mother, Gerald, to tell her your good news, and to say she really must come to dinner

[*Exit Footman*]

GERALD

That is awfully kind of you, Lady Hunstanton  
[*To HESTER.*] Will you come for a stroll, Miss Worsley?

HESTER

With pleasure [ *Exit with GERALD* ]

LADY HUNSTANTON

I am very much gratified at Gerald Arbuthnot's good fortune He is quite a *protégé* of mine And I am particularly pleased that Lord Illingworth should have made the offer of his own accord without my suggesting anything Nobody likes to be asked favours. I remember poor Charlotte Pagden making herself quite unpopular one season, because she had a French governess she wanted to recommend to every one.

LADY CAROLINE

I saw the governess, Jane    Lady Pagden sent her to me.    It was before Eleanor came out. She was far too good-looking to be in any respectable household    I don't wonder Lady Pagden was so anxious to get rid of her

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah, that explains it.

LADY CAROLINE

John, the grass is too damp for you    You had better go and put on your overshoes at once

SIR JOHN

I am quite comfortable, Caroline, I assure you

LADY CAROLINE

You must allow me to be the best judge of that, John    Pray do as I tell you.

[SIR JOHN *gets up and goes off*]

LADY HUNSTANTON

You spoil him, Caroline, you do indeed !

[*Enter MRS ALLONEY and LADY STUTFIELD*]

[To MRS ALLONBY ]   Well, dear, I hope you like the park   It is said to be well timbered

MRS ALLONBY

The trees are wonderful, Lady Hunstanton

LADY STUTFIELD

Quite, quite wonderful

MRS ALLONBY

But somehow, I feel sure that if I lived in the country for six months, I should become so unsophisticated that no one would take the slightest notice of me

LADY HUNSTANTON

I assure you, dear, that the country has not that effect at all   Why, it was from Melthorpe, which is only two miles from here, that Lady Belton eloped with Lord Fethersdale   I remember the occurrence perfectly   Poor Lord Belton died three days afterwards of joy, or gout   I forget which   We had a large party staying here at the time, so we were all very much interested in the whole affair

MRS ALLONBY

I think to elope is cowardly      It's running  
away from danger      And danger has become so  
rare in modern life

LADY CAROLINE

As far as I can make out, the young women  
of the present day seem to make it the sole  
object of their lives to be always playing with  
fire

MRS ALLONBY

The one advantage of playing with fire, Lady  
Caroline, is that one never gets even singed.  
It is the people who don't know how to play  
with it who get burned up

LADY STUTFIELD

Yes, I see that      It is very, very helpful.

LADY HUNSTANTON

I don't know how the world would get on  
with such a theory as that, dear Mrs Allonby

LADY STUTFIELD

Ah!      The world was made for men and not  
for women.

MRS ALLONBY

Oh, don't say that, Lady Stutfield    We have  
a much better time than they have    There are  
far more things forbidden to us than are for-  
bidden to them.

LADY STUTFIELD

Yes, that is quite, quite true    I had not  
thought of that

*[Enter SIR JOHN and MR KELVIL.]*

LADY HUNSTANTON

Well, Mr Kelvil, have you got through your  
work ?

KELVIL

I have finished my writing for the day, Lady  
Hunstanton. It has been an arduous task. The  
demands on the time of a public man are very  
heavy nowadays, very heavy indeed    And I  
don't think they meet with adequate recog-  
nition

LADY CAROLINE

John, have you got your overshoes on ?

**AIR JOHN**

**Yes, my love**

**LADY CAROLINE**

I think you had better come over here, John.  
It is more sheltered

**SIR JOHN**

I am quite comfortable, Caroline

**LADY CAROLINE**

I think not, John You had better sit beside  
me. [SIR JOHN rises and goes across]

**LADY STUTFIELD**

And what have you been writing about this morning, Mr Kelvil?

**KELVIL**

**On the usual subject, Lady Stutfield    On Purity**

## LADY STUTFIELD

That must be such a very, very interesting thing to write about.

**KELVIL**

It is the one subject of really national importance, nowadays, Lady Stutfield I purpose addressing my constituents on the question before



Parliament meets    I find that the poorer classes of this country display a marked desire for a higher ethical standard

LADY STUTFIELD

How quite, quite nice of them.

LADY CAROLINE

Are you in favour of women taking part in politics, Mr Kettle ?

SIR JOHN

Kelvil, my love, Kelvil

KELVIL

The growing influence of women is the one reassuring thing in our political life, Lady Caroline    Women are always on the side of morality, public and private

LADY STUTFIELD

It is so very, very gratifying to hear you say that.

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah, yes !—the moral qualities in women—that is the important thing.    I am afraid, Caroline, that dear Lord Illingworth doesn't

value the moral qualities in women as much as he should

[*Enter* LORD ILLINGWORTH ]

LADY STUTFIELD

The world says that Lord Illingworth is very, very wicked

LORD ILLINGWORTH

But what world says that, Lady Stutfield? It must be the next world This world and I are on excellent terms [*Sits down beside* MRS. ALLONBY ]

LADY STUTFIELD

Every one I know says you are very very wicked

LORD ILLINGWORTH

It is perfectly monstrous the way people go about, nowadays, saying things against one behind one's back that are absolutely and entirely true

LADY HUNSTANTON

Dear Lord Illingworth is quite hopeless, Lady Stutfield I have given up trying to reform him.

It would take a Public Company with a Board of Directors and a paid Secretary to do that But you have the secretary already, Lord Illingworth, haven't you? Gerald Arbuthnot has told us of his good fortune, it is really most kind of you

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Oh, don't say that, Lady Hunstanton Kind is a dreadful word. I took a great fancy to young Arbuthnot the moment I met him, and he'll be of considerable use to me in something I am foolish enough to think of doing

LADY HUNSTANTON

He is an admirable young man And his mother is one of my dearest friends He has just gone for a walk with our pretty American She is very pretty, is she not?

LADY CAROLINE

Far too pretty. These American girls carry off all the good matches Why can't they stay in their own country? They are always telling us it is the Paradise of women

LORD ILLINGWORTH

It is, Lady Caroline      That is why, like Eve,  
they are so extremely anxious to get out of it

LADY CAROLINE

Who are Miss Worsley's parents?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

American women are wonderfully clever in  
concealing their parents

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear Lord Illingworth, what do you mean?  
Miss Worsley, Caroline, is an orphan      Her  
father was a very wealthy millionaire or philan-  
thropist, or both, I believe, who entertained my  
son quite hospitably, when he visited Boston      I  
don't know how he made his money, originally.

KELVIL

I fancy in American dry goods.

LADY HUNSTANTON

What are American dry goods?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

American novels.

LADY HUNSTANTON

How very singular! Well, from whatever source her large fortune came, I have a great esteem for Miss Worsley. She dresses exceedingly well. All Americans do dress well. They get their clothes in Paris.

MRS ALLONBY

They say, Lady Hunstanton, that when good Americans die they go to Paris.

LADY HUNSTANTON

Indeed? And when bad Americans die, where do they go to?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Oh, they go to America.

KELVIL

I am afraid you don't appreciate America, Lord Illingworth. It is a very remarkable country, especially considering its youth.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

The youth of America is their oldest tradition. It has been going on now for three hundred years. To hear them talk one would imagine

they were in their first childhood. As far as civilisation goes they are in their second

KELVIL

There is undoubtedly a great deal of corruption in American politics. I suppose you allude to that?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I wonder

LADY HUNSTANTON

Politics are in a sad way everywhere, I am told. They certainly are in England. Dear Mr. Cardew is ruining the country. I wonder Mrs. Cardew allows him. I am sure, Lord Illingworth, you don't think that uneducated people should be allowed to have votes?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I think they are the only people who should

KELVIL

Do you take no side then in modern politics, Lord Illingworth?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

One should never take sides in anything,

Mr Kelvil Taking sides is the beginning of sincerity, and earnestness follows shortly afterwards, and the human being becomes a bore. However, the House of Commons really does very little harm. You can't make people good by Act of Parliament,—that is something

KELVIL

You cannot deny that the House of Commons has always shown great sympathy with the sufferings of the poor

LORD ILLINGWORTH

That is its special vice. That is the special vice of the age. One should sympathise with the joy, the beauty, the colour of life. The less said about life's sores the better, Mr Kelvil.

KELVIL

Still our East End is a very important problem

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Quite so. It is the problem of slavery. And we are trying to solve it by amusing the slaves

LADY HUNSTANTON

Certainly, a great deal may be done by means

of cheap entertainments, as you say, Lord Illingworth      Dear Dr Daubeney, our rector here, provides, with the assistance of his curates, really admirable recreations for the poor during the winter      And much good may be done by means of a magic lantern, or a missionary, or some popular amusement of that kind

LADY CAROLINE

I am not at all in favour of amusements for the poor, Jane      Blankets and coals are sufficient. There is too much love of pleasure amongst the upper classes as it is      Health is what we want in modern life.      The tone ~~is~~ not healthy, not healthy at all

KELVIL

You are quite right, Lady Caroline.

LADY CAROLINE

I believe I am usually right

MRS ALLONBY

Horrid word 'health'

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Silliest word in our language, and one knows



so well the popular idea of health The English country gentleman galloping after a fox -the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable.

KELVIL

May I ask, Lord Illingworth, if you regard the House of Lords as a better institution than the House of Commons?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

A much better institution, of course We in the House of Lords are never in touch with public opinion That makes us a civilised body

KELVIL

Are you serious in putting forward such a view?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Quite serious, Mr Kelvil [*To MRS ALLONBY*] Vulgar habit that is people have nowadays of asking one, after one has given them an idea, whether one is serious or not. Nothing is serious, except passion. The intellect is not a serious thing, and never has been It is an instrument on which one plays, that is all The only serious form of intellect I know is the British

intellect      And on the British intellect the illiterates play the drum

LADY HUNSTANTON

What are you saying, Lord Illingworth, about the drum ?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I was merely talking to Mrs Allonby about the leading articles in the London newspapers.

LADY HUNSTANTON

But do you believe all that is written in the newspapers ?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I do. Nowadays it is only the unreadable that occurs      [*Rises with* MRS ALLONBY ]

LADY HUNSTANTON

Are you going, Mrs Allonby ?

MRS ALLONBY

Just as far as the conservatory      Lord Illingworth told me this morning that there was an orchid there as beautiful as the seven deadly sins.

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear, I hope there is nothing of the kind  
I will certainly speak to the gardener

[*Exit* MRS ALLONBY *and* LORD ILLINGWORTH ]

LADY CAROLINE

Remarkable type, Mrs Allonby.

LADY HUNSTANTON

She lets her clever tongue run away with her  
sometimes

LADY CAROLINE

Is that the only thing, Jane, Mrs Allonby  
allows to run away with her?

LADY HUNSTANTON

I hope so, Caroline, I am sure.

[*Enter* LORD ALFRED ]

Dear Lord Alfred, do join us [LORD ALFRED *sits*  
*down beside* LADY STUTFIELD.]

LADY CAROLINE

You believe good of every one, Jane It is  
a great fault.

LADY STUTFIELD

Do you really, really think, Lady Caroline, that one should believe evil of every one?

LADY CAROLINE

I think it is much safer to do so, Lady Stutfield. Until, of course, people are found out to be good. But that requires a great deal of investigation nowadays.

LADY STUTFIELD

But there is so much unkind scandal in modern life.

LADY CAROLINE

Lord Illingworth remarked to me last night at dinner that the basis of every scandal is an absolutely immoral certainty.

KELVIL

Lord Illingworth is, of course, a very brilliant man, but he seems to me to be lacking in that fine faith in the nobility and purity of life which is so important in this century.

LADY STUTFIELD

Yes, quite, quite important, is it not?

KELVIL

He gives me the impression of a man who does not appreciate the beauty of our English home-life. I would say that he was tainted with foreign ideas on the subject.

LADY STUTFIELD

There is nothing, nothing like the beauty of home-life, is there?

KELVIL

It is the mainstay of our moral system in England, Lady Stutfield. Without it we would become like our neighbours.

LADY STUTFIELD

That would be so, so sad, would it not?

KELVIL

I am afraid, too, that Lord Illingworth regards woman simply as a toy. Now, I have never regarded woman as a toy. Woman is the intellectual helpmeet of man in public as in private life. Without her we should forget the true ideals. [*Sets down beside LADY STUTFIELD*]

LADY STUTFIELD

I am so very, very glad to hear you say that

LADY CAROLINE

You a married man, Mr Kettle?

SIR JOHN

Kelvil, dear, Kelvil.

KELVIL

I am married, Lady Caroline.

LADY CAROLINE

Family?

KELVIL

Yes.

LADY CAROLINE

How many?

KELVIL

Eight.

[LADY STUTFIELD *turns her attention to* LORD  
ALFRED ]

LADY CAROLINE

Mrs Kettle and the children are, I suppose, at the seaside? [SIR JOHN *shrugs his shoulders*]

KELVIL

My wife is at the seaside with the children, Lady Caroline.

LADY CAROLINE

You will join them later on, no doubt?

KELVIL

If my public engagements permit me

LADY CAROLINE

Your public life must be a great source of gratification to Mrs Kettle

SIR JOHN

Kelvil, my love, Kelvil.

LADY STUTFIELD

[To LORD ALFRED] How very, very charming those gold-tipped cigarettes of yours are, Lord Alfred.

LORD ALFRED

They are awfully expensive    I can only afford them when I'm in debt.

LADY STUTFIELD

It must be terribly, terribly distressing to be in debt.

LORD ALFRED

One must have some occupation nowadays. If I hadn't my debts I shouldn't have anything to think about    All the chaps I know are in debt.

LADY STUTFIELD

But don't the people to whom you owe the money give you a great, great deal of annoyance?

[*Enter Footman*]

LORD ALFRED

Oh, no, they write, I don't

LADY STUTFIELD

How very, very strange.



LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah, here is a letter, Caroline, from dear Mrs Arbutnot. She won't dine I am so sorry. But she will come in the evening I am very pleased indeed. She is one of the sweetest of women. Writes a beautiful hand, too, so large, so firm [*Hands letter to LADY CAROLINE.*]

LADY CAROLINE

[*Looking at it*] A little lacking in femininity, Jane Femininity is the quality I admire most in women

LADY HUNSTANTON

[*Taking back letter and leaving it on table*] Oh! she is very feminine, Caroline, and so good too You should hear what the Archdeacon says of her He regards her as his right hand in the parish [*Footman speaks to her*] In the Yellow Drawing-room Shall we all go in? Lady Stutfield, shall we go in to tea?

LADY STUTFIELD

With pleasure, Lady Hunstanton [*They rise*

*and proceed to go off*      SIR JOHN *offers to carry*  
LADY STUTFIELD'S cloak ]

LADY CAROLINE

John! If you would allow your nephew to look after Lady Stutfield's cloak, you might help me with my workbasket

[*Enter* LORD ILLINGWORTH *and* MRS ALLONBY ]

SIR JOHN

Certainly, my love.      [*Exeunt* ]

MRS ALLONBY

Curious thing, plain women are always jealous of their husbands, beautiful women never are!

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Beautiful women never have time They are always so occupied in being jealous of other people's husbands.

MRS ALLONBY

I should have thought Lady Caroline would have grown tired of conjugal anxiety by this time! Sir John is her fourth!

LORD ILLINGWORTH

So much marriage is certainly not becoming  
Twenty years of romance make a woman look  
like a ruin, but twenty years of marriage make  
her something like a public building

MRS ALLONBY

Twenty years of romance! Is there such a  
thing?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Not in our day Women have become too  
brilliant Nothing sports a romance so much as  
a sense of humour in the woman

MRS ALLONBY

Or the want of it in the man

LORD ILLINGWORTH

You are quite right In a Temple every one  
should be serious, except the thing that is  
worshipped

MRS. ALLONBY

And that should be man?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Women kneel so gracefully, men don't

MRS ALLONBY

You are thinking of Lady Stutfield!

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I assure you I have not thought of Lady Stutfield for the last quarter of an hour

MRS ALLONBY

Is she such a mystery?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

She is more than a mystery—she is a mood

MRS ALLONBY

Moods don't last.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

It is their chief charm

[*Enter* HESTER *and* GERALD ]

GERALD

Lord Illingworth, every one has been congratulating me, Lady Hunstanton and Lady Caroline, and every one I hope I shall make a good secretary

LORD ILLINGWORTH

You will be the pattern secretary, Gerald.  
[*Talks to him* ]

MRS. ALLONEY

You enjoy country life, Miss Worsley?

HESTER

Very much indeed.

MRS. ALLONEY

Don't find yourself longing for a London dinner-party?

HESTER

I dislike London dinner-parties

MRS. ALLONEY

I adore them    The clever people never listen,  
and the stupid people never talk

HESTER

I think the stupid people talk a great deal

MRS. ALLONEY

Ah, I never listen!

LORD ILLINGWORTH

My dear boy, if I didn't like you I wouldn't  
have made you the offer    It is because I like  
you so much that I want to have you with me

[*Exit* HESTER *with* GERALD.]

Charming fellow, Gerald Arbuthnot!

MRS ALLONBY

He is very nice; very nice indeed    But I  
can't stand the American young lady

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Why?

MRS ALLONBY

She told me yesterday, and in quite a loud  
voice too, that she was only eighteen    It was  
most annoying

LORD ILLINGWORTH

One should never trust a woman who tells one  
her real age    A woman who would tell one  
that, would tell one anything

MRS ALLONBY

She is a Puritan besides——

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Ah, that is inexcusable    I don't mind plain  
women being Puritans    It is the only excuse  
they have for being plain    But she is decidedly  
pretty. I admire her immensely. [*Looks steadily at MRS ALLONBY*]

MRS ALLONBY

What a thoroughly bad man you must be !

LORD ILLINGWORTH

What do you call a bad man ?

MRS ALLONBY

The sort of man who admires innocence

LORD ILLINGWORTH

And a bad woman ?

MRS ALLONBY

Oh ! the sort of woman a man never gets tired of

LORD ILLINGWORTH

You are severe—on yourself

MRS ALLONBY

Define us as a sex.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Sphinxes without secrets

MRS ALLONBY

Does that include the Puritan women ?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Do you know, I don't believe in the existence of Puritan women ? I don't think there is a

woman in the world who would not be a little flattered if one made love to her. It is that which makes women so irresistibly adorable.

MRS ALLONBY

You think there is no woman in the world who would object to being kissed?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Very few.

MRS ALLONBY

Miss Worsley would not let you kiss her.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Are you sure?

MRS ALLONBY

Quite.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

What do you think she'd do if I kissed her?

MRS ALLONBY

Either marry you, or strike you across the face with her glove. What would you do if she struck you across the face with her glove?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Fall in love with her, probably.



MRS ALLONBY

Then it is lucky you are not going to kiss her!

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Is that a challenge?

MRS ALLONBY

It is an arrow shot into the air

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Don't you know that I always succeed in whatever I try?

MRS ALLONBY

I am sorry to hear it We women adore failures. They lean on us

LORD ILLINGWORTH

You worship successes You cling to them

MRS ALLONBY

We are the laurels to hide their baldness

LORD ILLINGWORTH

And they need you always, except at the moment of triumph

MRS ALLONBY

They are uninteresting then.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

How tantalising you are      [*A pause*]

MRS ALLONBY

Lord Illingworth, there is one thing I shall always like you for

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Only one thing? And I have so many bad qualities

MRS ALLONBY

Ah, don't be too concerted about them      You may lose them as you grow old

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I never intend to grow old      The soul is born old but grows young      That is the comedy of life

MRS. ALLONBY

And the body is born young and grows old. That is life's tragedy.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Its comedy also, sometimes But what is the  
mysterious reason why you will always like me ?

MRS ALLONBY

It is that you have never made love to me

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I have never done anything else

MRS ALLONBY

Really ? I have not noticed it

LORD ILLINGWORTH

How fortunate ! It might have been a tragedy  
for both of us.

MRS ALLONBY

We should each have survived

LORD ILLINGWORTH

One can survive everything nowadays, except  
death, and live down anything except a good  
reputation

MRS ALLONBY

Have you tried a good reputation :

LORD ILLINGWORTH

It is one of the many annoyances to which I  
have never been subjected

MRS ALLONBY

It may come

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Why do you threaten me?

MRS. ALLONBY

I will tell you when you have kissed the  
Puritan.

*[Enter Footman]*

FRANCIS

Tea is served in the Yellow Drawing-room,  
my lord

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Tell her ladyship we are coming in.

FRANCIS

Yes, my lord.

*[Exit]*

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Shall we go in to tea?

MRS ALLONBY

Do you like such simple pleasures?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I adore simple pleasures    They are the last  
refuge of the complex    But, if you wish, let us  
stay here    Yes, let us stay here    The Book  
of Life begins with a man and a woman in a  
garden

MRS ALLONBY

It ends with Revelations

LORD ILLINGWORTH

You fence divinely    But the button has come  
off your foil

MRS ALLONBY

I have still the mask.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

It makes your eyes lovelier

MRS ALLONBY

Thank you.    Come.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

[Sees MRS ARBUTHNOT's letter on table, and takes

44     A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE [ACT I  
sit up and looks at envelope] What a curious  
handwriting! It reminds me of the handwriting  
of a woman I used to know years ago

MRS ALLONBY

Who?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Oh! no one    No one in particular    A woman  
of no importance    [*Throws letter down, and passes  
up the steps of the terrace with MRS ALLONBY. They  
smile at each other.*]

ACT DROP

## **SECOND ACT**





## SECOND ACT

### SCENE

*Drawing room at Hunstanton, after dinner, lamps lit*  
*Door L C    Door R C*

*[Ladies seated on sofas]*

MRS ALLONBY

What a comfort it is to have got rid of the men  
for a little !

LADY STUTFIELD

Yes, men persecute us dreadfully, don't they

MRS ALLONBY

Persecute us ? I wish they did

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear !

MRS ALLONBY

The annoying thing is that the wretches can  
be perfectly happy without us That is why I  
think it is every woman's duty never to leave

them alone for a single moment, except during this short breathing space after dinner, without which I believe we poor women would be absolutely worn to shadows

*[Enter Servants with coffee]*

LADY HUNSTANTON

Worn to shadows, dear?

MRS ALLONBY

Yes, Lady Hunstanton    It is such a strain keeping men up to the mark    They are always trying to escape from us.

LADY STUTFIELD

It seems to me that it is we who are always trying to escape from them    Men are so very, very heartless.    They know their power and use it

LADY CAROLINE

*[Takes coffee from Servant]*    What stuff and nonsense all this about men is!    The thing to do is to keep men in their proper place

MRS ALLONBY

But what is their proper place, Lady Caroline?

LADY CAROLINE

Looking after their wives, Mrs Allonby

MRS ALLONBY

[*Takes coffee from Servant*] Really? And if they re not married?

LADY CAROLINE

If they are not married, they should be looking after a wife It's perfectly scandalous the amount of bachelors who are going about society There should be a law passed to compel them all to marry within twelve months

LADY STUTFIELD

[*Refuses coffee*] But if they're in love with some one who, perhaps, is tied to another?

LADY CAROLINE

In that case, Lady Stutfield, they should be married off in a week to some plain respectable girl, in order to teach them not to meddle with other people's property

MRS ALLONBY

I don't think that we should ever be spoken of as other people's property All men are married

women's property    That is the only true definition of what married women's property really is    But we don't belong to any one

LADY STUTFIELD

Oh, I am so very, very glad to hear you say so

LADY HUNSTANTON

But do you really think, dear Caroline, that legislation would improve matters in any way? I am told that, nowadays, all the married men live like bachelors, and all the bachelors like married men.

MRS. ALLONBY

I certainly never know one from the other

LADY STUTFIELD

Oh, I think one can always know at once whether a man has home claims upon his life or not    I have noticed a very, very sad expression in the eyes of so many married men.

MRS. ALLONBY

Ah, all that I have noticed is that they are horribly tedious when they are good husbands, and abominably conceited when they are not.

LADY HUNSTANTON

Well, I suppose the type of husband has completely changed since my young days, but I'm bound to state that poor dear Hunstanton was the most delightful of creatures, and as good as gold.

MRS ALLONBY

Ah, my husband is a sort of promissory note, I'm tired of meeting him.

LADY CAROLINE

But you renew him from time to time, don't you ?

MRS ALLONBY

Oh no, Lady Caroline I have only had one husband as yet I suppose you look upon me as quite an amateur.

LADY CAROLINE

With your views on life I wonder you married at all

MRS ALLONBY

So do I

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear child, I believe you are really very happy in your married life, but that you like to hide your happiness from others.

MRS ALLONBY

I assure you I was horribly deceived in Ernest.

LADY HUNSTANTON

Oh, I hope not, dear    I knew his mother quite well    She was a Stratton, Caroline, one of Lord Crowland's daughters.

LADY CAROLINE

Victoria Stratton?    I remember her perfectly  
A silly fair-haired woman with no chin

MRS ALLONBY

Ah, Ernest has a chin    He has a very strong chin, a square chin    Ernest's chin is far too square.

LADY STUTFIELD

But do you really think a man's chin can be too square?    I think a man should look very, very strong, and that his chin should be quite, quite square.

MRS ALLONBY

Then you should certainly know Ernest, Lady Stutfield It is only fair to tell you beforehand he has got no conversation at all

LADY STUTFIELD

I adore silent men

MRS ALLONBY

Oh, Ernest isn't silent. He talks the whole time But he has got no conversation What he talks about I don't know I haven't listened to him for years.

LADY STUTFIELD

Have you never forgiven him then? How sad that seems! But all life is very, very sad, is it not?

MRS ALLONBY

Life, Lady Stutfield, is simply a *mauvais quart d'heure* made up of exquisite moments

LADY STUTFIELD

Yes, there are moments, certainly But was it something very, very wrong that Mr Allonby

did? Did he become angry with you, and say anything that was unkind or true?

MRS ALLONBY

Oh dear, no Ernest is invariably calm That is one of the reasons he always gets on my nerves. Nothing is so aggravating as calmness There is something positively brutal about the good temper of most modern men I wonder we women stand it as well as we do

LADY STUTFIELD

Yes, men's good temper shows they are not so sensitive as we are, not so finely strung It makes a great barrier often between husband and wife, does it not? But I would so much like to know what was the wrong thing Mr Allonby did.

MRS ALLONBY

Well, I will tell you, if you solemnly promise to tell everybody else

LADY STUTFIELD

Thank you, thank you I will make a point of repeating it.



MRS ALLONBY

When Ernest and I were engaged, he swore to me positively on his knees that he had never loved any one before in the whole course of his life I was very young at the time, so I didn't believe him, I needn't tell you Unfortunately, however, I made no enquiries of any kind till after I had been actually married four or five months I found out then that what he had told me was perfectly true And that sort of thing makes a man so absolutely uninteresting

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear!

MRS ALLONBY

Men always want to be a woman's first love That is their clumsy vanity We women have a more subtle instinct about things What we like is to be a man's last romance

LADY STUTFIELD

I see what you mean. It's very, very beautiful

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear child, you don't mean to tell me that you won't forgive your husband because he never loved any one else? Did you ever hear such a thing, Caroline? I am quite surprised

LADY CAROLINE

Oh, women have become so highly educated, Jane, that nothing should surprise us nowadays, except happy marriages. They apparently are getting remarkably rare

MRS ALLONBY

Oh, they're quite out of date.

LADY STUTFIELD

Except amongst the middle classes, I have been told

MRS ALLONBY

How like the middle classes!

LADY STUTFIELD

Yes—is it not?—very, very like them

LADY CAROLINE

If what you tell us about the middle classes is true, Lady Stutfield, it redounds greatly to

their credit. It is much to be regretted that in our rank of life the wife should be so persistently frivolous, under the impression apparently that it is the proper thing to be. It is to that I attribute the unhappiness of so many marriages we all know of in society.

MRS. ALLONBY

Do you know, Lady Caroline, I don't think the frivolity of the wife has ever anything to do with it. More marriages are ruined nowadays by the common sense of the husband than by anything else. How can a woman be expected to be happy with a man who insists on treating her as if she were a perfectly rational being?

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear!

MRS. ALLONBY

Man, poor, awkward, reliable, necessary man belongs to a sex that has been rational for millions and millions of years. He can't help himself. It is in his race. The History of Woman is very different. We have always been

picturesque protests against the mere existence of common sense    We saw its dangers from the first

LADY STUTFIELD

Yes, the common sense of husbands is certainly most, most trying    Do tell me your conception of the Ideal Husband    I think it would be so very, very helpful.

MRS ALLONBY

The Ideal Husband? There couldn't be such a thing    The institution is wrong

LADY STUTFIELD

The Ideal Man, then, in his relations to us

LADY CAROLINE

He would probably be extremely realistic.

MRS ALLONBY

The Ideal Man! Oh, the Ideal Man should talk to us as if we were goddesses, and treat us as if we were children    He should refuse all our serious requests, and gratify every one of our whims    He should encourage us to have caprices, and forbid us to have missions    He should always

say much more than he means, and always mean much more than he says

LADY HUNSTANTON

But how could he do both, dear?

MRS ALLONEY

He should never run down other pretty women. That would show he had no taste, or make one suspect that he had too much. No, he should be nice about them all, but say that somehow they don't attract him

LADY STUTFIELD

Yes, that is always very, very pleasant to hear about other women

MRS ALLONEY

If we ask him a question about anything, he should give us an answer all about ourselves. He should invariably praise us for whatever qualities he knows we haven't got. But he should be pitiless, quite pitiless, in reproaching us for the virtues that we have never dreamed of possessing. He should never believe that we know the use of useful things. That would be unforgive-

able    But he should shower on us everything we don't want.

LADY CAROLINE

As far as I can see, he is to do nothing but pay bills and compliments.

MRS ALLONBY

He should persistently compromise us in public, and treat us with absolute respect when we are alone    And yet he should be always ready to have a perfectly terrible scene, whenever we want one, and to become miserable, absolutely miserable, at a moment's notice, and to overwhelm us with just reproaches in less than twenty minutes, and to be positively violent at the end of half an hour, and to leave us for ever at a quarter to eight, when we have to go and dress for dinner    And when, after that, one has seen him for really the last time, and he has refused to take back the little things he has given one, and promised never to communicate with one again, or to write one any foolish letters, he should be perfectly broken-hearted, and telegraph to one all day long, and send one little

notes every half-hour by a private hansom, and dine quite alone at the club, so that every one should know how unhappy he was. And after a whole dreadful week, during which one has gone about everywhere with one's husband, just to show how absolutely lonely one was, he may be given a third last parting, in the evening, and then, if his conduct has been quite irreproachable, and one has behaved really badly to him, he should be allowed to admit that he has been entirely in the wrong, and when he has admitted that, it becomes a woman's duty to forgive, and one can do it all over again from the beginning, with variations.

LADY HUNSTANTON

How clever you are, my dear! You never mean a single word you say.

LADY STUTFIELD

Thank you, thank you. It has been quite, quite entrancing. I must try and remember it all. There are such a number of details that are so very, very important.

LADY CAROLINE

But you have not told us yet what the reward of the Ideal Man is to be

MRS. ALLONBY

His reward ? Oh, infinite expectation That is quite enough for him.

LADY STUTFIELD

But men are so terribly, terribly exacting, are they not ?

MRS ALLONBY

That makes no matter One should never surrender

LADY STUTFIELD

Not even to the Ideal Man ?

MRS ALLONBY

Certainly not to him Unless, of course, one wants to grow tired of him.

LADY STUTFIELD

Oh! yes I see that It is very, very helpful Do you think, Mrs Allonby, I shall



ever meet the Ideal Man? Or are there more than one?

MRS. ALLONBY

There are just four in London, Lady Stutfield

LADY HUNSTANTON

Oh, my dear!

MRS. ALLONBY

[*Going over to her*] What has happened? Do tell me

LADY HUNSTANTON [*in a low voice*]

I had completely forgotten that the American young lady has been in the room all the time I am afraid some of this clever talk may have shocked her a little

MRS. ALLONBY

Ah, that will do her so much good!

LADY HUNSTANTON

Let us hope she didn't understand much I think I had better go over and talk to her  
[*Rises and goes across to* HESTER WORSLEY] Well, dear Miss Worsley [*Sitting down beside her*]

How quiet you have been in your nice little corner all this time! I suppose you have been reading a book? There are so many books here in the library

HESTER

No, I have been listening to the conversation

LADY HUNSTANTON

You mustn't believe everything that was said, you know, dear

HESTER

I didn't believe any of it.

LADY HUNSTANTON

That is quite right, dear

HESTER

[*Continuing*] I couldn't believe that any women could really hold such views of life as I have heard to-night from some of your guests  
[*An awkward pause*]

LADY HUNSTANTON

I hear you have such pleasant society in America. Quite like our own in places, my son wrote to me.

HESTER

There are cliques in America as elsewhere,  
Lady Hunstanton But true American society  
consists simply of all the good women and good  
men we have in our country

LADY HUNSTANTON

What a sensible system, and I dare say quite  
pleasant too I am afraid in England we have  
too many artificial social barriers We don't see  
as much as we should of the middle and lower  
classes

HESTER

In America we have no lower classes

LADY HUNSTANTON

Really? What a very strange arrangement!

MRS ALLONBY

What is that dreadful girl talking about?

LADY STUTFIELD

She is painfully natural, is she not?

LADY CAROLINE

There are a great many things you haven't got

in America, I am told, Miss Worsley    They say  
you have no ruins, and no curiosities

MRS. ALLONBY

[*To LADY STUTFIELD*]    What nonsense!    They  
have their mothers and their manners

HESTER

The English aristocracy supply us with our  
curiosities, Lady Caroline    They are sent over  
to us every summer, regularly, in the steamers,  
and propose to us the day after they land    As  
for ruins, we are trying to build up something  
that will last longer than brick or stone    [*Gets  
up to take her fan from table*]

LADY HUNSTANTON

What is that, dear?    Ah, yes, an iron Exhibi-  
tion, is it not, at that place that has the curious  
name?

HESTER

[*Standing by table*]    We are trying to build up  
life, Lady Hunstanton, on a better, truer, purer  
basis than life rests on here    This sounds

strange to you all, no doubt How could it sound other than strange ? You rich people in England, you don't know how you are living How could you know ? You shut out from your society the gentle and the good You laugh at the simple and the pure Living, as you all do, on others and by them, you sneer at self-sacrifice, and if you throw bread to the poor, it is merely to keep them quiet for a season With all your pomp and wealth and art you don't know how to live—you don't even know that You love the beauty that you can see and touch and handle, the beauty that you can destroy, and do destroy, but of the unseen beauty of life, of the unseen beauty of a higher life, you know nothing You have lost life's secret. Oh, your English society seems to me shallow, selfish, foolish It has blinded its eyes, and stopped its ears It lies like a leper in purple It sits like a dead thing smeared with gold It is all wrong, all wrong

LADY STUTFIELD

I don't think one should know of these things It is not very- very nice, is it ?

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear Miss Worsley, I thought you liked English society so much. You were such a success in it. And you were so much admired by the best people. I quite forget what Lord Henry Weston said of you—but it was most complimentary, and you know what an authority he is on beauty.

HESTER

Lord Henry Weston! I remember him, Lady Hunstanton. A man with a hideous smile and a hideous past. He is asked everywhere. No dinner-party is complete without him. What of those whose ruin is due to him? They are outcasts. They are nameless. If you met them in the street you would turn your head away. I don't complain of their punishment. Let all women who have sinned be punished.

[MRS ARBUTHNOT enters from terrace behind in a cloak with a lace veil over her head. She hears the last words and starts.]

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear young lady!

HESTER

It is right that they should be punished, but don't let them be the only ones to suffer. If a man and woman have sinned, let them both go forth into the desert to love or loathe each other there. Let them both be branded. Set a mark, if you wish, on each, but don't punish the one and let the other go free. Don't have one law for men and another for women. You are unjust to women in England. And till you count what is a shame in a woman to be an infamy in a man, you will always be unjust, and Right, that pillar of fire, and Wrong, that pillar of cloud, will be made dim to your eyes, or be not seen at all, or if seen, not regarded.

LADY CAROLINE

Might I, dear Miss Worsley, as you are standing up, ask you for my cotton that is just behind you? Thank you.

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear Mrs Arbuthnot! I am so pleased you have come up. But I didn't hear you announced.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Oh, I came straight in from the terrace, Lady Hunstanton, just as I was    You didn't tell me you had a party

LADY HUNSTANTON

Not a party    Only a few guests who are staying in the house, and whom you must know Allow me [*Tries to help her Rings bell*] Caroline, this is Mrs Arbuthnot, one of my sweetest friends. Lady Caroline Pontefract, Lady Stutfield, Mrs Allonby, and my young American friend, Miss Worsley, who has just been telling us all how wicked we are

HESTER

I am afraid you think I spoke too strongly, Lady Hunstanton    But there are some things in England——

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear young lady, there was a great deal of truth, I dare say, in what you said, and you looked very pretty while you said it, which is much more important, Lord Illingworth would tell us    The only point where I thought you



were a little hard was about Lady Caroline's brother, about poor Lord Henry He is really such good company

[*Enter Footman*]

Take Mrs Arbuthnot's things

[*Exit Footman with wraps*]

HESTER

Lady Caroline, I had no idea it was your brother I am sorry for the pain I must have caused you—I——

LADY CAROLINE

My dear Miss Worsley, the only part of your little speech, if I may so term it, with which I thoroughly agreed, was the part about my brother Nothing that you could possibly say could be too bad for him I regard Henry as infamous, absolutely infamous But I am bound to state, as you were remarking, Jane, that he is excellent company, and he has one of the best cooks in London, and after a good dinner one can forgive anybody, even one's own relations

LADY HUNSTANTON [*to MISS WORSLEY*]

Now, do come, dear, and make friends with

Mrs Arbuthnot    She is one of the good, sweet, simple people you told us we never admitted into society. I am sorry to say Mrs Arbuthnot comes very rarely to me. But that is not my fault.

MRS ALLONBY

What a bore it is the men staying so long after dinner! I expect they are saying the most dreadful things about us.

LADY STUTFIELD

Do you really think so?

MRS ALLONBY

I am sure of it.

LADY STUTFIELD

How very, very horrid of them! Shall we go on to the terrace?

MRS. ALLONBY

Oh, anything to get away from the dowagers and the dowdies. [*Rises and goes with LADY STUTFIELD to door L C*] We are only going to look at the stars, Lady Hunstanton.

LADY HUNSTANTON

You will find a great many, dear, a great many But don't catch cold [*To MRS ARBUTHNOT*] We shall all miss Gerald so much, dear Mrs Arbuthnot

MRS ARBUTHNOT

But has Lord Illingworth really offered to make Gerald his secretary?

LADY HUNSTANTON

Oh, yes! He has been most charming about it. He has the highest possible opinion of your boy You don't know Lord Illingworth, I believe, dear

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I have never met him.

LADY HUNSTANTON

You know him by name, no doubt?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I am afraid I don't. I live so much out of the world, and see so few people. I remember hearing years ago of an old Lord Illingworth who lived in Yorkshire, I think

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah, yes    That would be the last Earl but one    He was a very curious man    He wanted to marry beneath him    Or wouldn't, I believe    There was some scandal about it    The present Lord Illingworth is quite different    He is very distinguished    He does—well, he does nothing, which I am afraid our pretty American visitor here thinks very wrong of anybody, and I don't know that he cares much for the subjects in which you are so interested, dear Mrs Arbuthnot    Do you think, Caroline, that Lord Illingworth is interested in the Housing of the Poor?

LADY CAROLINE

I should fancy not at all, Jane

LADY HUNSTANTON

We all have our different tastes, have we not?    But Lord Illingworth has a very high position, and there is nothing he couldn't get if he chose to ask for it    Of course, he is comparatively a young man still, and he has only come to his

title within—how long exactly is it, Caroline, since Lord Illingworth succeeded?

LADY CAROLINE

About four years, I think, Jane I know it was the same year in which my brother had his last exposure in the evening newspapers

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah, I remember That would be about four years ago Of course, there were a great many people between the present Lord Illingworth and the title, Mrs Arbuthnot There was—who was there, Caroline?

LADY CAROLINE

There was poor Margaret's baby You remember how anxious she was to have a boy, and it was a boy, but it died, and her husband died shortly afterwards, and she married almost immediately one of Lord Ascot's sons, who, I am told, beats her.

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah, that is in the family, dear, that is in the

family And there was also, I remember, a clergyman who wanted to be a lunatic, or a lunatic who wanted to be a clergyman, I forget which, but I know the Court of Chancery investigated the matter, and decided that he was quite sane And I saw him afterwards at poor Lord Plumstead's with straws in his hair, or something very odd about him I can't recall what. I often regret, Lady Caroline, that dear Lady Cecilia never lived to see her son get the title.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Lady Cecilia †

LADY HUNSTANTON

Lord Illingworth's mother, dear Mrs Arbuthnot, was one of the Duchess of Jerningham's pretty daughters, and she married Sir Thomas Harford, who wasn't considered a very good match for her at the time, though he was said to be the handsomest man in London I knew them all quite intimately, and both the sons, Arthur and George.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

It was the eldest son who succeeded, of course, Lady Hunstanton?

LADY HUNSTANTON

No, dear, he was killed in the hunting field Or was it fishing, Caroline? I forget But George came in for everything I always tell him that no younger son has ever had such good luck as he has had.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Lady Hunstanton, I want to speak to Gerald at once Might I see him? Can he be sent for?

LADY HUNSTANTON

Certainly, dear I will send one of the servants into the dining-room to fetch him I don't know what keeps the gentlemen so long [*Rings bell*] When I knew Lord Ilhngworth first as plain George Harford, he was simply a very brilliant young man about town, with not a penny of money except what poor dear Lady

Cecilia gave him    She was quite devoted to him    Chiefly, I fancy, because he was on bad terms with his father    Oh, here is the dear Archdeacon    [*To Servant*]    It doesn't matter

*[Enter SIR JOHN and DOCTOR DAUBENY    SIR JOHN goes over to LADY STUTFIELD, DOCTOR DAUBENY to LADY HUNSTANTON ]*

THE ARCHDEACON

Lord Illingworth has been most entertaining  
I have never enjoyed myself more    [*Sees MRS. ARBUTHNOT*]    Ah, Mrs Arbuthnot

LADY HUNSTANTON

*[To DOCTOR DAUBENY]*    You see I have got Mrs Arbuthnot to come to me at last

THE ARCHDEACON

That is a great honour, Lady Hunstanton.  
Mrs Daubeney will be quite jealous of you.

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah, I am so sorry Mrs Daubeney could not come with you to-night. Headache as usual, I suppose.



THE ARCHDEACON

Yes, Lady Hunstanton, a perfect martyr  
But she is happiest alone She is happiest  
alone

LADY CAROLINE

[*To her husband*] John! [*SIR JOHN goes over  
to his wife DOCTOR DAUBENY talks to LADY HUN-  
STANTON and MRS ARBUTHNOT*]

[*MRS ARBUTHNOT watches LORD ILLINGWORTH the  
whole time He has passed across the room without  
noticing her, and approaches MRS ALLONBY, who with  
LADY STUTFIELD is standing by the door looking on  
to the terrace*]

LORD ILLINGWORTH

How is the most charming woman in the  
world?

MRS ALLONBY

[*Taking LADY STUTFIELD by the hand*] We are  
both quite well, thank you, Lord Illingworth  
But what a short time you have been in the  
dining-room! It seems as if we had only just  
left

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I was bored to death    Never opened my lips  
the whole time    Absolutely longing to come in  
to you

MRS ALLONBY

You should have    The American girl has  
been giving us a lecture

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Really?    All Americans lecture, I believe    I  
suppose it is something in their climate    What  
did she lecture about?

MRS ALLONBY

Oh, Puritanism, of course

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I am going to convert her, am I not?    How  
long do you give me?

MRS ALLONBY

A week.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

A week is more than enough

[*Enter GERALD and LORD ALFRED* ]

GERALD

[*Going to MRS ARBUTHNOT*]     Dear mother,

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Gerald, I don't feel at all well     See me  
home, Gerald     I shouldn't have come

GERALD

I am so sorry, mother     Certainly     But you  
must know Lord Illingworth first     [*Goes across  
room*]

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Not to-night, Gerald

GERALD

Lord Illingworth, I want you so much to  
know my mother.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

With the greatest pleasure     [*To MRS ALLONBY*]  
I'll be back in a moment     People's mothers  
always bore me to death     All women become  
like their mothers     That is their tragedy

MRS ALLONBY

No man does     That is his.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

What a delightful mood you are in to-night!  
[*Turns round and goes across with GERALD to MRS ARBUTHNOT When he sees her, he starts back in wonder Then slowly his eyes turn towards GERALD*]

GERALD

Mother, this is Lord Illingworth, who has offered to take me as his private secretary  
[*MRS ARBUTHNOT bows coldly*] It is a wonderful opening for me, isn't it? I hope he won't be disappointed in me, that is all You'll thank Lord Illingworth, mother, won't you?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Lord Illingworth is very good, I am sure, to interest himself in you for the moment

LORD ILLINGWORTH

[*Putting his hand on GERALD's shoulder*] Oh, Gerald and I are great friends already, Mrs Arbuthnot

MRS ARBUTHNOT

There can be nothing in common between you and my son, Lord Illingworth.

GERALD

Dear mother, how can you say so? Of course Lord Illingworth is awfully clever and that sort of thing. There is nothing Lord Illingworth doesn't know.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

My dear boy!

GERALD

He knows more about life than any one I have ever met. I feel an awful duffer when I am with you, Lord Illingworth. Of course, I have had so few advantages. I have not been to Eton or Oxford like other chaps. But Lord Illingworth doesn't seem to mind that. He has been awfully good to me, mother.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Lord Illingworth may change his mind. He may not really want you as his secretary.

GERALD

Mother!

MRS ARBUTHNOT

You must remember, as you said yourself, you have had so few advantages

MRS ALLONBY

Lord Illingworth, I want to speak to you for a moment    Do come over

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Will you excuse me, Mrs Arbuthnot? Now, don't let your charming mother make any more difficulties, Gerald. The thing is quite settled, isn't it?

GERALD

I hope so    [LORD ILLINGWORTH *goes across to*  
MRS. ALLONBY ]

MRS ALLONBY

I thought you were never going to leave the lady in black velvet

LORD ILLINGWORTH

She is excessively handsome    [*Looks at* MRS.  
ARBUTHNOT ]

LADY HUNSTANTON

Caroline, shall we all make a move to the

music-room? Miss Worsley is going to play You'll come too, dear Mrs Arbuthnot, won't you? You don't know what a treat is in store for you [To DOCTOR DAUBENY] I must really take Miss Worsley down some afternoon to the rectory I should so much like dear Mrs Daubeny to hear her on the violin Ah, I forgot Dear Mrs Daubeny's hearing is a little defective, is it not?

THE ARCHDEACON

Her deafness is a great privation to her She can't even hear my sermons now She reads them at home But she has many resources in herself, many resources

LADY HUNSTANTON

She reads a good deal, I suppose?

THE ARCHDEACON

Just the very largest print The eyesight is rapidly going But she's never morbid, never morbid.

GERALD

[To LORD ILLINGWORTH] Do speak to my

mother, Lord Illingworth, before you go into the music-room. She seems to think, somehow, you don't mean what you said to me.

MRS ALLONBY

Aren't you coming?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

In a few moments      Lady Hunstanton, if Mrs Arbuthnot would allow me, I would like to say a few words to her, and we will join you later on

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah, of course      You will have a great deal to say to her, and she will have a great deal to thank you for      It is not every son who gets such an offer, Mrs. Arbuthnot      But I know you appreciate that, dear

LADY CAROLINE

John!

LADY HUNSTANTON

Now, don't keep Mrs Arbuthnot too long, Lord Illingworth      We can't spare her

[*Exit following the other guests. Sound of violin heard from music-room.*]



LORD ILLINGWORTH

So that is our son, Rachel! Well, I am very proud of him. He is a Harford, every inch of him. By the way, why Arbuthnot, Rachel?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

One name is as good as another, when one has no right to any name.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I suppose so—but why Gerald?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

After a man whose heart I broke—after my father.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Well, Rachel, what is over is over. All I have got to say now is that I am very, very much pleased with our boy. The world will know him merely as my private secretary, but to me he will be something very near, and very dear. It is a curious thing, Rachel, my life seemed to be quite complete. It was not so. It lacked something, it lacked a son. I have found my son now, I am glad I have found him.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

You have no right to claim him, or the smallest part of him. The boy is entirely mine, and shall remain mine.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

My dear Rachel, you have had him to yourself for over twenty years. Why not let me have him for a little now? He is quite as much mine as yours.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Are you talking of the child you abandoned? Of the child who, as far as you are concerned, might have died of hunger and of want?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

You forget, Rachel, it was you who left me. It was not I who left you.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I left you because you refused to give the child a name. Before my son was born, I implored you to marry me.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I had no expectations then. And besides,

Rachel, I wasn't much older than you were I was only twenty-two I was twenty-one, I believe, when the whole thing began in your father's garden.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

When a man is old enough to do wrong he should be old enough to do right also

LORD ILLINGWORTH

My dear Rachel, intellectual generalities are always interesting, but generalities in morals mean absolutely nothing As for saying I left our child to starve, that, of course, is untrue and silly My mother offered you six hundred a year But you wouldn't take anything You simply disappeared, and carried the child away with you.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I wouldn't have accepted a penny from her Your father was different. He told you, in my presence, when we were in Paris, that it was your duty to marry me

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Oh, duty is what one expects from others, it is not what one does oneself. Of course, I was influenced by my mother. Every man is when he is young.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I am glad to hear you say so. Gerald shall certainly not go away with you.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

What nonsense, Rachel!

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Do you think I would allow my son—

LORD ILLINGWORTH

*Our son*

MRS ARBUTHNOT

My son [LORD ILLINGWORTH *shrugs his shoulders*]  
to go away with the man who spoiled my youth, who ruined my life, who has tainted every moment of my days? You don't realise what my past has been in suffering and in shame.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

My dear Rachel, I must candidly say that I

think Gerald's future considerably more important than your past

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Gerald cannot separate his future from my past.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

That is exactly what he should do That is exactly what you should help him to do What a typical woman you are ! You talk sentimentally, and you are thoroughly selfish the whole time But don't let us have a scene Rachel, I want you to look at this matter from the common-sense point of view, from the point of view of what is best for our son, leaving you and me out of the question What is our son at present ? An underpaid clerk in a small Provincial Bank in a third-rate English town If you imagine he is quite happy in such a position, you are mistaken He is thoroughly discontented

MRS ARBUTHNOT

He was not discontented till he met you You have made him so

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Of course, I made him so    Discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation. But I did not leave him with a mere longing for things he could not get. No, I made him a charming offer. He jumped at it, I need hardly say. Any young man would. And now, simply because it turns out that I am the boy's own father and he my own son, you propose practically to ruin his career. That is to say, if I were a perfect stranger, you would allow Gerald to go away with me, but as he is my own flesh and blood you won't. How utterly illogical you are!

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I will not allow him to go

LORD ILLINGWORTH

How can you prevent it? What excuse can you give to him for making him decline such an offer as mine? I won't tell him in what relations I stand to him, I need hardly say. But you daren't tell him. You know that. Look how you have brought him up.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I have brought him up to be a good man.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Quite so    And what is the result?    You have educated him to be your judge if he ever finds you out    And a bitter, an unjust judge he will be to you    Don't be deceived, Rachel    Children begin by loving their parents    After a time they judge them    Rarely, if ever, do they forgive them

MRS ARBUTHNOT

George, don't take my son away from me    I have had twenty years of sorrow, and I have only had one thing to love me, only one thing to love    You have had a life of joy, and pleasure, and success    You have been quite happy, you have never thought of us    There was no reason, according to your views of life, why you should have remembered us at all    Your meeting us was a mere accident, a horrible accident    Forget it    Don't come now, and rob me of . . . of all I have in the whole world    You are so rich in other things    Leave me the little vineyard

of my life, leave me the walled-in garden and the well of water, the ewe-lamb God sent me, in pity or in wrath, oh ! leave me that. George, don't take Gerald from me

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Rachel, at the present moment you are not necessary to Gerald's career, I am There is nothing more to be said on the subject.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I will not let him go

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Here is Gerald He has a right to decide for himself

[*Enter* GERALD ]

GERALD

Well, dear mother, I hope you have settled it all with Lord Illingworth ?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I have not, Gerald.



LORD ILLINGWORTH

Your mother seems not to like your coming with me, for some reason,

GERALD

Why, mother?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I thought you were quite happy here with me, Gerald I didn't know you were so anxious to leave me

GERALD

Mother, how can you talk like that? Of course I have been quite happy with you But a man can't stay always with his mother No chap does I want to make myself a position, to do something I thought you would have been proud to see me Lord Illingworth's secretary.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I do not think you would be suitable as a private secretary to Lord Illingworth You have no qualifications

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I don't wish to seem to interfere for a moment, Mrs Arbuthnot, but as far as your last objection is concerned, I surely am the best judge And I can only tell you that your son has all the qualifications I had hoped for He has more, in fact, than I had even thought of Far more [MRS ARBUTHNOT *remains silent*] Have you any other reason, Mrs Arbuthnot, why you don't wish your son to accept this post?

GERALD

Have you, mother? Do answer.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

If you have, Mrs Arbuthnot, pray, pray say it We are quite by ourselves here Whatever it is, I need not say I will not repeat it

GERALD

Mother?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

If you would like to be alone with your son, I will leave you You may have some other reason you don't wish me to hear.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I have no other reason

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Then, my dear boy, we may look on the thing as settled. Come, you and I will smoke a cigarette on the terrace together. And Mrs Arbuthnot, pray let me tell you, that I think you have acted very, very wisely.

*[Exit with GERALD. MRS ARBUTHNOT is left alone. She stands immobile with a look of unutterable sorrow on her face.]*

**ACT DROP**



## **THIRD ACT**



## THIRD ACT

### SCENE

*The Picture Gallery at Hunstanton    Door at back  
leading on to terrace*

[ LORD ILLINGWORTH *and* GERALD, *R.C*    LORD  
ILLINGWORTH *lolling on a sofa*    GERALD *in a chair* ]

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Thoroughly sensible woman, your mother,  
Gerald I knew she would come round in the  
end

GERALD

My mother is awfully conscientious, Lord  
Illingworth, and I know she doesn't think I am  
educated enough to be your secretary. She is  
perfectly right, too. I was fearfully idle when  
I was at school, and I couldn't pass an examina-  
tion now to save my life.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

My dear Gerald, examinations are of no value

whatsoever    If a man is a gentleman, he knows quite enough, and if he is not a gentleman, whatever he knows is bad for him

GERALD

But I am so ignorant of the world, Lord Illingworth

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Don't be afraid, Gerald    Remember that you've got on your side the most wonderful thing in the world—youth!    There is nothing like youth    The middle-aged are mortgaged to Life    The old are in life's lumber-room. But youth is the Lord of Life    Youth has a kingdom waiting for it. Every one is born a king, and most people die in exile, like most kings    To win back my youth, Gerald, there is nothing I wouldn't do—except take exercise, get up early, or be a useful member of the community

GERALD

But you don't call yourself old, Lord Illingworth?



LORD ILLINGWORTH

I am old enough to be your father, Gerald

GERALD

I don't remember my father, he died years ago

LORD ILLINGWORTH

So Lady Hunstanton told me

GERALD

It is very curious, my mother never talks to me about my father I sometimes think she must have married beneath her

LORD ILLINGWORTH

[*Winces slightly*] Really? [*Goes over and puts his hand on GERALD's shoulder*] You have missed not having a father, I suppose, Gerald?

GERALD

Oh, no, my mother has been so good to me  
No one ever had such a mother as I have had

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I am quite sure of that Still I should imagine  
that most mothers don't quite understand their

sons     Don't realise, I mean, that a son has ambitions, a desire to see life, to make himself a name. After all, Gerald, you couldn't be expected to pass all your life in such a hole as Wrockley, could you?

GERALD

Oh, no! It would be dreadful!

LORD ILLINGWORTH

A mother's love is very touching, of course, but it is often curiously selfish. I mean, there is a good deal of selfishness in it.

GERALD

[*Slowly*] I suppose there is.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Your mother is a thoroughly good woman. But good women have such limited views of life, their horizon is so small, their interests are so petty, aren't they?

GERALD

They are awfully interested, certainly, in things we don't care much about.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I suppose your mother is very religious, and that sort of thing

GERALD

Oh, yes, she's always going to church

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Ah! she is not modern, and to be modern is the only thing worth being nowadays. You want to be modern, don't you, Gerald? You want to know life as it really is. Not to be put off with any old-fashioned theories about life. Well, what you have to do at present is simply to fit yourself for the best society. A man who can dominate a London dinner-table can dominate the world. The future belongs to the dandy. It is the exquisites who are going to rule.

GERALD

I should like to wear nice things awfully, but I have always been told that a man should not think too much about his clothes

LORD ILLINGWORTH

People nowadays are so absolutely superficial

that they don't understand the philosophy of the superficial By the way, Gerald, you should learn how to tie your tie better Sentiment is all very well for the button-hole But the essential thing for a necktie is style A well-tied tie is the first serious step in life

GERALD

[*Laughing*] I might be able to learn how to tie a tie, Lord Illingworth, but I should never be able to talk as you do I don't know how to talk

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Oh! talk to every woman as if you loved her, and to every man as if he bored you, and at the end of your first season you will have the reputation of possessing the most perfect social tact

GERALD

But it is very difficult to get into society isn't it?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

To get into the best society, nowadays, one

has either to feed people, amuse people, or shock people—that is all !

GERALD

I suppose society is wonderfully delightful !

LORD ILLINGWORTH

To be in it is merely a bore But to be out of it simply a tragedy Society is a necessary thing No man has any real success in this world unless he has got women to back him, and women rule society If you have not got women on your side you are quite over You might just as well be a barrister, or a stock broker, or a journalist at once

GERALD

It is very difficult to understand women, is it not?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

You should never try to understand them Women are pictures Men are problems If you want to know what a woman really means which, by the way, is always a dangerous thing to do—look at her, don't listen to her

GERALD

But women are awfully clever, aren't they ?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

One should always tell them so. But, to the philosopher, my dear Gerald, women represent the triumph of matter over mind—just as men represent the triumph of mind over morals

GERALD

How then can women have so much power as you say they have ?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

The history of women is the history of the worst form of tyranny the world has ever known. The tyranny of the weak over the strong. It is the only tyranny that lasts

GERALD

But haven't women got a refining influence ?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Nothing refines but the intellect.

GERALD

Still, there are many different kinds of women, aren't there ?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Only two kinds in society the plain and the coloured

GERALD

But there are good women in society, aren't there ?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Far too many

GERALD

But do you think women shouldn't be good ?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

One should never tell them so, they'd all become good at once Women are a fascinatingly wilful sex. Every woman is a rebel, and usually in wild revolt against herself

GERALD

You have never been married, Lord Illingworth, have you ?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Men marry because they are tired, women because they are curious Both are disappointed.

GERALD

But don't you think one can be happy when one is married?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Perfectly happy But the happiness of a married man, my dear Gerald, depends on the people he has not married.

GERALD

But if one is in love?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

One should always be in love That is the reason one should never marry

GERALD

Love is a very wonderful thing, isn't it?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

When one is in love one begins by deceiving oneself And one ends by deceiving others.



That is what the world calls a romance But a really *grande passion* is comparatively rare nowadays It is the privilege of people who have nothing to do That is the one use of the idle classes in a country, and the only possible explanation of us Harfords

GERALD

Harfords, Lord Illingworth?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

That is my family name You should study the Peerage, Gerald It is the one book a young man about town should know thoroughly, and it is the best thing in fiction the English have ever done And now, Gerald, you are going into a perfectly new life with me, and I want you to know how to live [MRS ARBUTHNOT *appears on terrace behind*] For the world has been made by fools that wise men should live in it!

[*Enter L C* LADY HUNSTANTON *and* DR DAUBENY]

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah! here you are, dear Lord Illingworth

Well, I suppose you have been telling our young friend, Gerald, what his new duties are to be, and giving him a great deal of good advice over a pleasant cigarette

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I have been giving him the best of advice, Lady Hunstanton, and the best of cigarettes

LADY HUNSTANTON

I am so sorry I was not here to listen to you, but I suppose I am too old now to learn Except from you, dear Archdeacon, when you are in your nice pulpit But then I always know what you are going to say, so I don't feel alarmed [*Sees MRS ARBUTHNOT*] Ah! dear Mrs Arbuthnot, do come and join us Come, dear [*Enter MRS ARBUTHNOT*] Gerald has been having such a long talk with Lord Illingworth, I am sure you must feel very much flattered at the pleasant way in which everything has turned out for him Let us sit down [*They sit down*] And how is your beautiful embroidery going on?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I am always at work, Lady Hunstanton

LADY HUNSTANTON

Mrs Daubeney embroiders a little, too, doesn't she?

THE ARCHDEACON

She was very deft with her needle once, quite Doicas. But the gout has crippled her fingers a good deal. She has not touched the tambour frame for nine or ten years. But she has many other amusements. She is very much interested in her own health.

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah! that is always a nice distraction, is it not? Now, what are you talking about, Lord Illingworth? Do tell us.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I was on the point of explaining to Gerald that the world has always laughed at its own tragedies, that being the only way in which it has been able to bear them. And that, consequently, whatever the world has treated seriously belongs to the comedy side of things.

LADY HUNSTANTON

Now I am quite out of my depth I usually am when Lord Illingworth says anything And the Humane Society is most careless They never rescue me I am left to sink I have a dim idea, dear Lord Illingworth, that you are always on the side of the sinners, and I know I always try to be on the side of the saints, but that is as far as I get And after all, it may be merely the fancy of a drowning person

LORD ILLINGWORTH

The only difference between the saint and the sinner is that every saint has a past, and every sinner has a future

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah! that quite does for me I haven't a word to say You and I, dear Mrs Arbuthnot, are behind the age We can't follow Lord Illingworth Too much care was taken with our education, I am afraid To have been well brought up is a great drawback nowadays It shuts one out from so much

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I should be sorry to follow Lord Illingworth  
in any of his opinions

LADY HUNSTANTON

You are quite right, dear

[GERALD *shrugs his shoulders and looks irritably  
over at his mother* Enter LADY CAROLINE ]

LADY CAROLINE

Jane, have you seen John anywhere?

LADY HUNSTANTON

You needn't be anxious about him, dear He  
is with Lady Stutfield, I saw them some time  
ago, in the Yellow Drawing-room They seem  
quite happy together You are not going,  
Caroline? Pray sit down.

LADY CAROLINE

I think I had better look after John

[*Exit* LADY CAROLINE.]

LADY HUNSTANTON

It doesn't do to pay men so much attention  
And Caroline has really nothing to be anxious

about. Lady Stutfield is very sympathetic. She is just as sympathetic about one thing as she is about another. A beautiful nature.

[*Enter SIR JOHN and MRS ALLONBY*]

Ah! here is Sir John! And with Mrs Allonby too! I suppose it was Mrs Allonby I saw him with. Sir John, Caroline has been looking everywhere for you.

MRS ALLONBY

We have been waiting for her in the Music-room, dear Lady Hunstanton.

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah! the Music-room, of course. I thought it was the Yellow Drawing-room, my memory is getting so defective. [*To the ARCHDEACON*] Mrs. Daubeney has a wonderful memory, hasn't she?

THE ARCHDEACON

She used to be quite remarkable for her memory, but since her last attack she recalls chiefly the events of her early childhood. But

she finds great pleasure in such retrospections,  
great pleasure

[*Enter LADY STUTFIELD and MR KELVIL.*]

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah ' dear Lady Stutfield ' and what has Mr  
Kelvil been talking to you about ?

LADY STUTFIELD

About Bimetallism, as well as I remember

LADY HUNSTANTON

Bimetallism ! Is that quite a nice subject ?  
However, I know people discuss everything very  
freely nowadays What did Sir John talk to  
you about, dear Mrs Allonby ?

MRS ALLONBY

About Patagonia

LADY HUNSTANTON

Really ? What a remote topic ! But very  
improving, I have no doubt.

MRS ALLONBY

He has been most interesting on the subject

of Patagonia     Savages seem to have quite the same views as cultured people on almost all subjects     They are excessively advanced

LADY HUNSTANTON

What do they do?

MRS ALLONBY

Apparently everything

LADY HUNSTANTON

Well, it is very gratifying, dear Archdeacon, is it not, to find that Human Nature is permanently one—On the whole, the world is the same world, is it not?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

The world is simply divided into two classes—those who believe the incredible, like the public—and those who do the improbable.

MRS ALLONBY

Like yourself?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Yes, I am always astonishing myself     It is the only thing that makes life worth living



LADY STUTFIELD

And what have you been doing lately that astonishes you ?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I have been discovering all kinds of beautiful qualities in my own nature

MRS ALLONBY

Ah ! don't become quite perfect all at once  
Do it gradually !

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I don't intend to grow perfect at all At least, I hope I shan't It would be most inconvenient Women love us for our defects If we have enough of them, they will forgive us everything, even our gigantic intellects

MRS ALLONBY

It is premature to ask us to forgive analysis We forgive adoration, that is quite as much as should be expected from us

[*Enter LORD ALFRED He joins LADY STUTFIELD*]

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah ! we women should forgive everything,

shouldn't we, dear Mrs Arbuthnot? I am sure you agree with me in that.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I do not, Lady Hunstanton I think there are many things women should never forgive

LADY HUNSTANTON

What sort of things?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

The ruin of another woman's life

*[Moves slowly away to back of stage]*

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah! those things are very sad, no doubt, but I believe there are admirable homes where people of that kind are looked after and reformed, and I think on the whole that the secret of life is to take things very, very easily

MRS ALLONBY

The secret of life is never to have an emotion that is unbecoming

LADY STUTFIELD

The secret of life is to appreciate the pleasure of being terribly, terribly deceived

ÆLVIL

The secret of life is to resist temptation, Lady Stutfield

LORD ILLINGWORTH

There is no secret of life Life's aim, if it has one, is simply to be always looking for temptations There are not nearly enough I sometimes pass a whole day without coming across a single one It is quite dreadful It makes one so nervous about the future

LADY HUNSTANTON

[*Shakes her fan at him*] I don't know how it is, dear Lord Illingworth, but everything you have said to-day seems to me excessively immoral It has been most interesting, listening to you

LORD ILLINGWORTH

All thought is immoral Its very essence is

destruction If you think of anything, you kill it. Nothing survives being thought of

LADY HUNSTANTON

I don't understand a word, Lord Illingworth  
But I have no doubt it is all quite true  
Personally, I have very little to reproach myself  
with, on the score of thinking I don't believe  
in women thinking too much Women should  
think in moderation, as they should do all things  
in moderation

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Moderation is a fatal thing, Lady Hunstanton  
Nothing succeeds like excess

LADY HUNSTANTON

I hope I shall remember that It sounds an  
admirable maxim But I'm beginning to forget  
everything It's a great misfortune

LORD ILLINGWORTH

It is one of your most fascinating qualities,  
Lady Hunstanton No woman should have a  
memory Memory in a woman is the beginning  
of dowdiness One can always tell from a

woman's bonnet whether she has got a memory or not

LADY HUNSTANTON

How charming you are, dear Lord Illingworth  
You always find out that one's most glaring fault  
is one's most important virtue You have the  
most comforting views of life.

[*Enter FARQUHAR*]

FARQUHAR

Doctor Daubeney's carriage!

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear Archdeacon! It is only half-past  
ten

THE ARCHDEACON

[*Rising*] I am afraid I must go, Lady Hun-  
stanton Tuesday is always one of Mrs  
Daubeney's bad nights

LADY HUNSTANTON

[*Rising*] Well, I won't keep you from her  
[*Goes with him towards door*] I have told  
Farquhar to put a brace of partridge into the  
carriage, Mrs Daubeney may fancy them

THE ARCHDEACON

It is very kind of you, but Mrs Daubeny never touches solids now    Lives entirely on jellies    But she is wonderfully cheerful, wonderfully cheerful    She has nothing to complain of

[*Exit with* LADY HUNSTANTON ]

MRS ALLONEY

[*Goes over to* LORD ILLINGWORTH ]    There is a beautiful moon to-night

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Let us go and look at it    To look at anything that is inconstant is charming nowadays.

MRS ALLONEY

You have your looking-glass

LORD ILLINGWORTH

It is unkind    It merely shows me my wrinkles.

MRS ALLONEY

Mine is better behaved    It never tells me the truth.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Then it is in love with you

[*Exit* SIR JOHN, LADY STUTFIELD, MR KELVIL,  
and LORD ALFRED ]

GERALD [*to* LORD ILLINGWORTH]

May I come too?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Do, my dear boy [*Moves towards door with*  
MRS ALLONBY and GERALD ]

[LADY CAROLINE *enters*, looks rapidly round and  
*goes out in opposite direction to that taken by* SIR  
JOHN and LADY STUTFIELD ]

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Gerald!

GERALD

What, mother!

[*Exit* LORD ILLINGWORTH with MRS ALLONBY.]

MRS ARBUTHNOT

It is getting late Let us go home

GERALD

My dear mother Do let us wait a little  
longer Lord Illingworth is so delightful, and,

by the way, mother, I have a great surprise for you We are starting for India at the end of this month

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Let us go home

GERALD

If you really want to, of course, mother, but I must bid good-bye to Lord Illingworth first I'll be back in five minutes     [*Exit*]

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Let him leave me if he chooses, but not with him—not with him! I couldn't bear it [*Walks up and down*]

[*Enter* HESTER]

HESTER

What a lovely night it is, Mrs Arbuthnot.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Is it?

HESTER

Mrs Arbuthnot, I wish you would let us be friends You are so different from the other



women here When you came into the Drawing-room this evening, somehow you brought with you a sense of what is good and pure in life I had been foolish There are things that are right to say, but that may be said at the wrong time and to the wrong people

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I heard what you said I agree with it, Miss Worsley

HESTER

I didn't know you had heard it But I knew you would agree with me A woman who has sinned should be punished, shouldn't she?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Yes

HESTER

She shouldn't be allowed to come into the society of good men and women?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

She should not.

HESTER

And the man should be punished in the same way ?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

In the same way    And the children, if there are children, in the same way also ?

HESTER

Yes, it is right that the sins of the parents should be visited on the children    It is a just law    It is God's law

MRS ARBUTHNOT

It is one of God's terrible laws

*[Moves away to fireplace]*

HESTER

You are distressed about your son leaving you, Mrs Arbuthnot ?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Yes.

HESTER

Do you like him going away with Lord Illingworth ? Of course there is position, no

doubt, and money, but position and money are not everything, are they?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

They are nothing, they bring misery

HESTER

Then why do you let your son go with him?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

He wishes it himself

HESTER

But if you asked him he would stay, would he not?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

He has set his heart on going

HESTER

'He couldn't refuse you anything He loves you too much Ask him to stay Let me send him in to you He is on the terrace at this moment with Lord Illingworth I heard them laughing together as I passed through the Music-room

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Don't trouble, Miss Worsley, I can wait     It  
is of no consequence

HESTER

No, I'll tell him you want him.     Do—do ask  
him to stay     [*Exit* HESTER ]

MRS ARBUTHNOT

He won't come—I know he won't come  
[*Enter* LADY CAROLINE.     *She looks round anxiously*  
*Enter* GERALD ]

LADY CAROLINE

Mr Arbuthnot, may I ask you is Sir John  
anywhere on the terrace?

GERALD

No, Lady Caroline, he is not on the terrace.

LADY CAROLINE

It is very curious.     It is time for him to retire  
[*Exit* LADY CAROLINE.]

GERALD

Dear mother, I am afraid I kept you waiting.

I forgot all about it I am so happy to-night, mother, I have never been so happy

MRS ARBUTHNOT

At the prospect of going away?

GERALD

Don't put it like that, mother Of course I am sorry to leave you Why, you are the best mother in the whole world But after all, as Lord Illingworth says, it is impossible to live in such a place as Wrockley You don't mind it But I'm ambitious, I want something more than that I want to have a career I want to do something that will make you proud of me, and Lord Illingworth is going to help me He is going to do everything for me

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Gerald, don't go away with Lord Illingworth I implore you not to Gerald, I beg you!

GERALD

Mother, how changeable you are! You don't seem to know your own mind for a single moment An hour and a half ago in the Drawing-room you agreed to the whole thing, now you turn round

and make objections, and try to force me to give up my one chance in life Yes, my one chance You don't suppose that men like Lord Illingworth are to be found every day, do you, mother? It is very strange that when I have had such a wonderful piece of good luck, the one person to put difficulties in my way should be my own mother Besides, you know, mother, I love Hester Worsley Who could help loving her? I love her more than I have ever told you, far more. And if I had a position, if I had prospects, I could—I could ask her to— Don't you understand now, mother, what it means to me to be Lord Illingworth's secretary? To start like that is to find a career ready for one—before one—waiting for one If I were Lord Illingworth's secretary I could ask Hester to be my wife As a wretched bank clerk with a hundred a year it would be an impertinence

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I fear you need have no hopes of Miss Worsley I know her views on life. She has just told them to me. [*A pause*]

GERALD

Then I have my ambition left, at any rate That is something—I am glad I have that ! You have always tried to crush my ambition, mother —haven't you? You have told me that the world is a wicked place, that success is not worth having, that society is shallow, and all that sort of thing—well, I don't believe it, mother I think the world must be delightful I think society must be exquisite I think success is a thing worth having You have been wrong in all that you taught me, mother, quite wrong Lord Illingworth is a successful man He is a fashionable man He is a man who lives in the world and for it Well, I would give anything to be just like Lord Illingworth

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I would sooner see you dead

GERALD

Mother, what is your objection to Lord Illingworth? Tell me—tell me right out What is it?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

He is a bad man.

GERALD

In what way bad? I don't understand what you mean.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I will tell you.

GERALD

I suppose you think him bad, because he doesn't believe the same things as you do. Well, men are different from women, mother. It is natural that they should have different views.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

It is not what Lord Illingworth believes, or what he does not believe, that makes him bad. It is what he is.

GERALD

Mother, is it something you know of him? Something you actually know?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

It is something I know.



GERALD

Something you are quite sure of?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Quite sure of

GERALD

How long have you known it?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

For twenty years

GERALD

Is it fair to go back twenty years in any man's career? And what have you or I to do with Lord Illingworth's early life? What business is it of ours?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

What this man has been, he is now, and will be always

GERALD

Mother, tell me what Lord Illingworth did? If he did anything shameful, I will not go away with him. Surely you know me well enough for that?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Gerald, come near to me Quite close to me, as you used to do when you were a little boy, when you were mother's own boy [GERALD *sits down beside his mother She runs her fingers through his hair, and strokes his hands*] Gerald, there was a girl once, she was very young, she was little over eighteen at the time George Harford—that was Lord Illingworth's name then—George Harford met her She knew nothing about life He—knew everything He made this girl love him. He made her love him so much that she left her father's house with him one morning She loved him so much, and he had promised to marry her! He had solemnly promised to marry her, and she had believed him She was very young, and—and ignorant of what life really is But he put the marriage off from week to week, and month to month—She trusted in him all the while She loved him.—Before her child was born—for she had a child—she implored him for the child's sake to marry her, that the child might have a name, that her sin might not be visited on the child, who was innocent. He

refused After the child was born she left him, taking the child away, and her life was ruined, and her soul ruined, and all that was sweet, and good, and pure in her ruined also She suffered terribly—she suffers now She will always suffer For her there is no joy, no peace, no atonement She is a woman who drags a chain like a guilty thing She is a woman who wears a mask, like a thing that is a leper The fire cannot purify her The waters cannot quench her anguish Nothing can heal her! no anodyne can give her sleep! no poppies forgetfulness! She is lost! She is a lost soul!—That is why I call Lord Illingworth a bad man That is why I don't want my boy to be with him

## GERALD

My dear mother, it all sounds very tragic, of course. But I dare say the girl was just as much to blame as Lord Illingworth was—After all, would a really nice girl, a girl with any nice feelings at all, go away from her home with a man to whom she was not married, and live with him as his wife? No nice girl would.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

[*After a pause*] Gerald, I withdraw all my objections. You are at liberty to go away with Lord Illingworth, when and where you choose.

GERALD

Dear mother, I knew you wouldn't stand in my way. You are the best woman God ever made. And, as for Lord Illingworth, I don't believe he is capable of anything infamous or base. I can't believe it of him—I can't.

HESTER

[*Outside*] Let me go! Let me go!

[*Enter HESTER in terror, and rushes over to GERALD and flings herself in his arms*]

HESTER

Oh! save me—save me from him!

GERALD

From whom?

HESTER

He has insulted me! Horribly insulted me!  
Save me!

GERALD

Who? Who has dared——?

[LORD ILLINGWORTH *enters at back of stage*  
HESTER *breaks from GERALD's arms and points to him* ]

GERALD [*He is quite beside himself with rage and indignation* ]

Lord Illingworth, you have insulted the purest thing on God's earth, a thing as pure as my own mother You have insulted the woman I love most in the world with my own mother As there is a God in Heaven, I will kill you !

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

[*Rushing across and catching hold of him* ] No  
no !

GERALD

[*Thrusting her back* ] Don't hold me, mother  
Don't hold me—I'll kill him !

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

Gerald !

GERALD

Let me go, I say !

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Stop, Gerald, stop! He is your own father!

[GERALD *clutches his mother's hands and looks into her face* She sinks slowly on the ground in shame HESTER *steals towards the door* LORD ILLINGWORTH *frowns and bites his lip* After a time GERALD *raises his mother up, puts his arm round her and leads her from the room.*]

## **FOURTH ACT**





## FOURTH ACT

### SCENE

*Sitting-room at Mrs Arbuthnot's Large open French window at back, looking on to garden Doors R.C and L C*

[GERALD ARBUTHNOT *writing at table*]

[*Enter* ALICE R C *followed by* LADY HUNSTANTON *and* MRS ALLONBY]

ALICE

Lady Hunstanton and Mrs Allonby

[*Exit* L C]

LADY HUNSTANTON

Good morning, Gerald.

GERALD

[*Rising*] Good morning, Lady Hunstanton  
Good morning, Mrs. Allonby

LADY HUNSTANTON

[*Sitting down*] We came to inquire for your dear mother, Gerald. I hope she is better?

GERALD

My mother has not come down yet, Lady Hunstanton.

LADY HUNSTANTON

Ah, I am afraid the heat was too much for her last night. I think there must have been thunder in the air Or perhaps it was the music Music makes one feel so romantic—at least it always gets on one's nerves.

MRS ALLONBY

It's the same thing, nowadays

LADY HUNSTANTON

I am so glad I don't know what you mean, dear I am afraid you mean something wrong Ah, I see you're examining Mrs Arbuthnot's pretty room Isn't it nice and old-fashioned?

MRS ALLONBY

[*Surveying the room through her lorgnette*] It looks quite the happy English home

LADY HUNSTANTON

That's just the word, dear, that just describes

it. One feels your mother's good influence in everything she has about her, Gerald

MRS ALLONBY

Lord Illingworth says that all influence is bad, but that a good influence is the worst in the world

LADY HUNSTANTON

When Lord Illingworth knows Mrs Arbuthnot better he will change his mind I must certainly bring him here

MRS ALLONBY

I should like to see Lord Illingworth in a happy English home

LADY HUNSTANTON

It would do him a great deal of good, dear Most women in London, nowadays, seem to furnish their rooms with nothing but orchids, foreigners, and French novels But here we have the room of a sweet saint. Fresh natural flowers, books that don't shock one, pictures that one can look at without blushing.

MRS ALLONBY

But I like blushing

LADY HUNSTANTON

Well, there is a good deal to be said for blushing, if one can do it at the proper moment. Poor dear Hunstanton used to tell me I didn't blush nearly often enough. But then he was so very particular. He wouldn't let me know any of his men friends, except those who were over seventy, like poor Lord Ashton who afterwards, by the way, was brought into the Divorce Court. A most unfortunate case.

MRS ALLONBY

I delight in men over seventy. They always offer one the devotion of a lifetime. I think seventy an ideal age for a man.

LADY HUNSTANTON

She is quite incorrigible, Gerald, isn't she? By-the-by, Gerald, I hope your dear mother will come and see me more often now. You and Lord Illingworth start almost immediately, don't you?

GERALD

I have given up my intention of being Lord Illingworth's secretary

LADY HUNSTANTON

Surely not, Gerald! It would be most unwise of you What reason can you have?

GERALD

I don't think I should be suitable for the post

MRS ALLONBY

I wish Lord Illingworth would ask me to be his secretary But he says I am not serious enough.

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear, you really mustn't talk like that in this house Mrs Arbuthnot doesn't know anything about the wicked society in which we all live She won't go into it. She is far too good I consider it was a great honour her coming to me last night It gave quite an atmosphere of respectability to the party

MRS. ALLONEY

Ah, that must have been what you thought was thunder in the air.

LADY HUNSTANTON

My dear, how can you say that? There is no resemblance between the two things at all. But really, Gerald, what do you mean by not being suitable?

GERALD

Lord Illingworth's views of life and mine are too different.

LADY HUNSTANTON

But, my dear Gerald, at your age you shouldn't have any views of life. They are quite out of place. You must be guided by others in this matter. Lord Illingworth has made you the most flattering offer, and travelling with him you would see the world—as much of it, at least, as one should look at—under the best auspices possible, and stay with all the right people, which is so important at this solemn moment in your career.

GERALD

I don't want to see the world I've seen enough of it.

MRS ALLONBY

I hope you don't think you have exhausted life, Mr Arbuthnot When a man says that, one knows that life has exhausted him

GERALD

I don't wish to leave my mother.

LADY HUNSTANTON

Now, Gerald, that is pure laziness on your part Not leave your mother! If I were your mother I would insist on your going

[*Enter ALICE L C*]

ALICE

Mrs Arbuthnot's compliments, my lady, but she has a bad headache, and cannot see any one this morning

[*Exit P-C*]

LADY HUNSTANTON

[*Rising*] A bad headache! I am so sorry Perhaps you'll bring her up to Hunstanton this afternoon, if she is better, Gerald

GERALD

I am afraid not this afternoon, Lady Hunstanton

LADY HUNSTANTON

Well, to-morrow, then. Ah, if you had a father, Gerald, he wouldn't let you waste your life here. He would send you off with Lord Illingworth at once. But mothers are so weak. They give up to their sons in everything. We are all heart, all heart. Come, dear, I must call at the rectory and inquire for Mrs. Daubeney, who, I am afraid, is far from well. It is wonderful how the Archdeacon bears up, quite wonderful. He is the most sympathetic of husbands. Quite a model. Good-bye, Gerald, give my fondest love to your mother.

MRS. ALLONBY

Good-bye, Mr. Arbuthnot

GERALD

Good-bye

[*Exit* LADY HUNSTANTON and MRS. ALLONBY  
GERALD sits down and reads over his letter.]



GERALD

What name can I sign? I, who have no right to any name [*Signs name, puts letter into envelope, addresses it, and is about to seal it, when door L C opens and MRS ARBUTHNOT enters GERALD lays down sealing-wax Mother and son look at each other*]

LADY HUNSTANTON

[*Through French window at the back*] Good-bye again, Gerald We are taking the short cut across your pretty garden Now, remember my advice to you—start at once with Lord Illingworth.

MRS ALLONBY

*Au revoir*, Mr Arbuthnot. Mind you bring me back something nice from your travels—not an Indian shawl—on no account an Indian shawl

[*Exeunt.*]

GERALD

Mother, I have just written to him

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

To whom?

GERALD

To my father I have written to tell him to come here at four o'clock this afternoon

MRS ARBUTHNOT

He shall not come here     He shall not cross the threshold of my house.

GERALD

He must come.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Gerald, if you are going away with Lord Illingworth, go at once     Go before it kills me but don't ask me to meet him

GERALD

Mother, you don't understand     Nothing in the world would induce me to go away with Lord Illingworth, or to leave you     Surely you know me well enough for that     No I have written to him to say.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

What can you have to say to him?

GERALD

Can't you guess, mother, what I have written in this letter?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

No

GERALD

Mother, surely you can    Think, think what must be done, now, at once, within the next few days.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

There is nothing to be done

GERALD

I have written to Lord Illingworth to tell him that he must marry you.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Marry me?

GERALD

Mother, I will force him to do it    The wrong that has been done you must be repaired    Atonement must be made.    Justice may be slow, mother, but it comes in the end    In a few days you shall be Lord Illingworth's lawful wife

MRS ARBUTHNOT

But, Gerald-

GERALD

I will insist upon his doing it    I will make  
him do it    he will not dare to refuse

MRS ARBUTHNOT

But, Gerald, it is I who refuse    I will not  
marry Lord Illingworth

GERALD

Not marry him ?    Mother !

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I will not marry him

GERALD

But you don't understand    it is for your sake  
I am talking, not for mine    This marriage, this  
necessary marriage, this marriage which for  
obvious reasons must inevitably take place, will  
not help me, will not give me a name that will  
be really, rightly mine to bear    But surely it  
will be something for you, that you, my mother,  
should, however late, become the wife of the

man who is my father Will not that be something?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I will not marry him.

GERALD

Mother, you must.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I will not You talk of atonement for a wrong done. What atonement can be made to me? There is no atonement possible I am disgraced he is not That is all It is the usual history of a man and a woman as it usually happens, as it always happens And the ending is the ordinary ending The woman suffers The man goes free.

GERALD

I don't know if that is the ordinary ending, mother I hope it is not. But your life, at any rate, shall not end like that The man shall make whatever reparation is possible It is not enough It does not wipe out the past, I know that. But at least it makes the future better, better for you, mother

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I refuse to marry Lord Illingworth

GERALD

If he came to you himself and asked you to be his wife you would give him a different answer     Remember, he is my father.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

If he came himself, which he will not do, my answer would be the same     Remember I am your mother

GERALD

Mother, you make it terribly difficult for me by talking like that, and I can't understand why you won't look at this matter from the right, from the only proper standpoint     It is to take away the bitterness out of your life, to take away the shadow that lies on your name, that this marriage must take place     There is no alternative     and after the marriage you and I can go away together     But the marriage must take place first.     It is a duty that you owe, not merely to yourself, but to all other women—yes.

to all the other women in the world, lest he betray more

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I owe nothing to other women There is not one of them to help me There is not one woman in the world to whom I could go for pity, if I would take it, or for sympathy, if I could win it Women are hard on each other That girl, last night, good though she is, fled from the room as though I were a tainted thing She was right I am a tainted thing But my wrongs are my own, and I will bear them alone I must bear them alone What have women who have not sinned to do with me, or I with them? We do not understand each other

[*Enter HESPER behind*]

GERALD

I implore you to do what I ask you,

MRS ARBUTHNOT

What son has ever asked of his mother to make so hideous a sacrifice? None.

GERALD

What mother has ever refused to marry the father of her own child? None.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Let me be the first, then     I will not do it.

GERALD

Mother, you believe in religion, and you brought me up to believe in it also     Well, surely your religion, the religion that you taught me when I was a boy, mother, must tell you that I am right     You know it, you feel it.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I do not know it     I do not feel it, nor will I ever stand before God's altar and ask God's blessing on so hideous a mockery as a marriage between me and George Harford     I will not say the words the Church bids us to say     I will not say them     I dare not     How could I swear to love the man I loathe, to honour him who wrought you dishonour, to obey him who, in his mastery, made me to sin? No marriage is a sacrament for those who love each other     It is not for such as him, or such as me     Gerald, to save you



from the world's sneers and taunts I have lied to the world For twenty years I have lied to the world I could not tell the world the truth Who can, ever? But not for my own sake will I lie to God, and in God's presence No, Gerald, no ceremony, Church-hallowed or State-made, shall ever bind me to George Harford It may be that I am too bound to him already, who, robbing me, yet left me richer, so that in the mire of my life I found the pearl of price, or what I thought would be so

GERALD

I don't understand you now

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Men don't understand what mothers are I am no different from other women except in the wrong done me and the wrong I did, and my very heavy punishments and great disgrace And yet, to bear you I had to look on death To nurture you I had to wrestle with it Death fought with me for you All women have to fight with death to keep their children. Death,

being childless, wants our children from us. Gerald, when you were naked I clothed you, when you were hungry I gave you food. Night and day all that long winter I tended you. No office is too mean, no care too lowly for the thing we women love—and oh! how *I loved you*. Not Hannah, Samuel more. And you needed love, for you were weakly, and only love could have kept you alive. Only love can keep any one alive. And boys are careless often and without thinking give pain, and we always fancy that when they come to man's estate and know us better they will repay us. But it is not so. The world draws them from our side, and they make friends with whom they are happier than they are with us, and have amusements from which we are barred, and interests that are not ours and they are unjust to us often, for when they find life bitter they blame us for it, and when they find it sweet we do not taste its sweetness with them. You made many friends and went into their houses and were glad with them, and I, knowing my secret, did not dare to follow but stayed at home and closed the door,

shut out the sun and sat in darkness What should I have done in honest households? My past was ever with me And you thought I didn't care for the pleasant things of life I tell you I longed for them, but did not dare to touch them, feeling I had no right You thought I was happier working amongst the poor That was my mission, you imagined It was not, but where else was I to go? The sick do not ask if the hand that smooths their pillow is pure, nor the dying care if the lips that touch their brow have known the kiss of sin It was you I thought of all the time, I gave to them the love you did not need lavished on them a love that was not theirs . And you thought I spent too much of my time in going to Church, and in Church duties But where else could I turn? God's house is the only house where sinners are made welcome, and you were always in my heart, Gerald, too much in my heart For, though day after day, at morn or evensong, I have knelt in God's house, I have never repented of my sin How could I repent of my sin when you, my love, were its fruit? Even now that you

are bitter to me I cannot repent I do not  
 You are more to me than innocence I would  
 rather be your mother—oh! much rather  
 than have been always pure . Oh, don't you  
 see? don't you understand? It is my dishonour  
 that has made you so dear to me. It is my  
 disgrace that has bound you so closely to  
 me. It is the price I paid for you—the price  
 of soul and body—that makes me love you as  
 I do Oh, don't ask me to do this horrible  
 thing Child of my shame, be still the child of  
 my shame!

GERALD

Mother, I didn't know you loved me so much  
 as that. And I will be a better son to you than  
 I have been. And you and I must never leave  
 each other but, mother I can't help  
 it you must become my father's wife You  
 must marry him It is your duty

HESTER

[*Running forward and embracing* MRS ARBUTH  
 NOT] No, no, you shall not That would be  
 real dishonour, the first you have ever known.

That would be real disgrace the first to touch you Leave him and come with me There are other countries than England Oh ! other countries over sea, better, wiser, and less unjust lands The world is very wide and very big

MRS ARBUTHNOT

No, not for me For me the world is shrivelled to a palm's breadth, and where I walk there are thorns.

HESTER

It shall not be so We shall somewhere find green valleys and fresh waters, and if we weep, well, we shall weep together Have we not both loved him ?

GERALD

Hester !

HESTER

[*Waving him back*] Don't, don't ! You cannot love me at all, unless you love her also You cannot honour me, unless she's holier to you In her all womanhood is martyred. Not she alone, but all of us are stricken in her house.

GERALD

Hester, Hester, what shall I do ?

HESTER

Do you respect the man who is your father ?

GERALD

Respect him ? I despise him ! He is infamous

HESTER

I thank you for saving me from him last night.

GERALD

Ah, that is nothing I would die to save you  
But you don't tell me what to do now !

HESTER

Have I not thanked you for saving me ?

GERALD

But what should I do ?

HESTER

Ask your own heart, not mine I never had a  
mother to save, or shame

MRS ARBUTHNOT

He is hard—he is hard Let me go away

GERALD

*[Rushes over and kneels down beside his mother]*

Mother, forgive me I have been to blame

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Don't kiss my hands they are cold My heart is cold something has broken it.

HESTER

Ah, don't say that. Hearts live by being wounded Pleasure may turn a heart to stone, riches may make it callous, but sorrow—oh, sorrow cannot break it. Besides, what sorrows have you now? Why, at this moment you are more dear to him than ever, *dear* though you have *been*, and oh! how dear you *have* been always Ah! be kind to him

GERALD

You are my mother and my father all in one I need no second parent It was for you I spoke, for you alone Oh, say something, mother Have I but found one love to lose

another? Don't tell me that     O mother, you  
are cruel     [*Gets up and flings himself sobbing on a  
sofa*]

MRS ARBUTHNOT

[*To HESTER.*] But has he found indeed another  
love?

HESTER

You know I have loved him always

MRS ARBUTHNOT

But we are very poor

HESTER

Who, being loved, is poor? Oh, no one     I  
hate my riches     They are a burden     Let him  
share it with me.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

But we are disgraced     We rank among the  
outcasts. Gerald is nameless     The sins of the  
parents should be visited on the children     It is  
God's law

HESTER

I was wrong     God's law is only Love



MRS ARBUTHNOT

*[Rises, and taking HESTER by the hand, goes slowly over to where GERALD is lying on the sofa with his head buried in his hands. She touches him and he looks up.]* Gerald, I cannot give you a father, but I have brought you a wife

GERALD

Mother, I am not worthy either of her or you

MRS ARBUTHNOT

So she comes first, you are worthy. And when you are away, Gerald with her—oh, think of me sometimes. Don't forget me. And when you pray, pray for me. We should pray when we are happiest, and you will be happy, Gerald

HESTER

Oh, you don't think of leaving us?

GERALD

Mother, you won't leave us?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

I might bring shame upon you!

GERALD

Mother !

MRS ARBUTHNOT

For a little then    and if you let me, near you  
always

HESTER

[To MRS ARBUTHNOT]    Come out with us to  
the garden

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Later on, later on

[*Exeunt HESTER and GERALD*]

[MRS ARBUTHNOT goes towards door L C    Stops  
at looking-glass over mantelpiece and looks into it]

[*Enter ALICE R C*]

ALICE

A gentleman to see you, ma'am.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

Say I am not at home    Show me the card  
[*Takes card from salver and looks at it*]    Say I will  
not see him

[LORD ILLINGWORTH enters    MRS ARBUTHNOT sees

*him in the glass and starts, but does not turn round*  
*Exit ALICE ]*

What can you have to say to me to day, George Harford? You can have nothing to say to me  
 You must leave this house

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Rachel, Gerald knows everything about you and me now, so some arrangement must be come to that will suit us all three I assure you, he will find in me the most charming and generous of fathers

MRS ARBUTHNOT

My son may come in at any moment. I saved you last night I may not be able to save you again My son feels my dishonour strongly, terribly strongly I beg you to go.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

[*Sitting down.*] Last night was excessively unfortunate That silly Puritan girl making a scene merely because I wanted to kiss her What harm is there in a kiss?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

[*Turning round*] A kiss may ruin a human life, George Harford. I know that I know that too well

LORD ILLINGWORTH

We won't discuss that at present What is of importance to-day, as yesterday, is still our son I am extremely fond of him, as you know, and odd though it may seem to you, I admired his conduct last night immensely He took up the cudgels for that pretty prude with wonderful promptitude. He is just what I should have liked a son of mine to be Except that no son of mine should ever take the side of the Puritans that is always an error Now, what I propose is this.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Lord Illingworth, no proposition of yours interests me

LORD ILLINGWORTH

According to our ridiculous English laws, I can't legitimise Gerald But I can leave him my property Illingworth is entailed, of course, but

it is a tedious barrack of a place He can have Ashby, which is much prettier, Harborough, which has the best shooting in the north of England, and the house in St. James Square What more can a gentleman require in this world?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

Nothing more, I am quite sure

LORD ILLINGWORTH

As for a title, a title is really rather a nuisance in these democratic days As George Harford I had everything I wanted Now I have merely everything that other people want, which isn't nearly so pleasant Well, my proposal is this

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I told you I was not interested, and I beg you to go

LORD ILLINGWORTH

The boy is to be with you for six months in the year, and with me for the other six That is perfectly fair, is it not? You can have whatever allowance you like, and live where you choose As

for your past, no one knows anything about it except myself and Gerald. There is the Puritan, of course, the Puritan in white muslin, but she doesn't count. She couldn't tell the story without explaining that she objected to being kissed, could she? And all the women would think her a fool and the men think her a bore. And you need not be afraid that Gerald won't be my heir. I needn't tell you I have not the slightest intention of marrying.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

You come too late. My son has no need of you. You are not necessary.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

What do you mean, Rachel?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

That you are not necessary to Gerald's career. He does not require you.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I do not understand you.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

Look into the garden. [LORD ILLINGWORTH

*rises and goes towards window*] You had better not let them see you you bring unpleasant memories [*LORD ILLINGWORTH looks out and starts*] She loves him They love each other We are safe from you, and we are going away

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Where?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

We will not tell you, and if you find us we will not know you You seem surprised What welcome would you get from the girl whose lips you tried to soil, from the boy whose life you have shamed, from the mother whose dishonour comes from you?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

You have grown hard, Rachel.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

I was too weak once. It is well for me that I have changed

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I was very young at the time We men know life too early.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

And we women know life too late     That is the  
difference between men and women     [*A pause*]

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Rachel, I want my son     My money may be of  
no use to him now     I may be of no use to him,  
but I want my son     Bring us together, Rachel  
You can do it if you choose.     [*Sees letter on table*]

MRS ARBUTHNOT

There is no room in my boy's life for *you*     He  
is not interested in *you*

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Then why does he write to me?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

What do you mean?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

What letter is this?     [*Takes up letter.*]

MRS ARBUTHNOT

That—is nothing.     Give it to me

LORD ILLINGWORTH

It is addressed to *me*.



MRS ARBUTHNOT

You are not to open it. I forbid you to open it.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

And in Gerald's handwriting

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

It was not to have been sent It is a letter he wrote to you this morning, before he saw me But he is sorry now he wrote it, very sorry You are not to open it Give it to me

LORD ILLINGWORTH

It belongs to me [*Opens it, sits down and reads it slowly* MRS ARBUTHNOT *watches him all the time*] You have read this letter, I suppose, Rachel?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

No

LORD ILLINGWORTH

You know what is in it?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

Yes!

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I don't admit for a moment that the boy is right in what he says. I don't admit that it is any duty of mine to marry you. I deny it entirely. But to get my son back I am ready—yes, I am ready to marry you, Rachel—and to treat you always with the deference and respect due to my wife. I will marry you as soon as you choose. I give you my word of honour.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

You made that promise to me once before and broke it.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I will keep it now. And that will show you that I love my son, at least as much as you love him. For when I marry you, Rachel, there are some ambitions I shall have to surrender. High ambitions, too, if any ambition is high.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I decline to marry you, Lord Illingworth.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Are you serious?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Yes.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Do tell me your reasons    They would interest me enormously

MRS ARBUTHNOT

I have already explained them to my son.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I suppose they were intensely sentimental, weren't they? You women live by your emotions and for them. You have no philosophy of life.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

You are right. We women live by our emotions and for them. By our passions, and for them, if you will. I have two passions, Lord Illingworth my love of him, my hate of you    You cannot kill those    They feed each other

LORD ILLINGWORTH

What sort of love is that which needs to have hate as its brother?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

It is the sort of love I have for Gerald. Do you think that terrible? Well, it is terrible. All love is terrible. All love is a tragedy. I loved you once, Lord Illingworth. Oh, what a tragedy for a woman to have loved you!

LORD ILLINGWORTH

So you really refuse to marry me?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Yes.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Because you hate me?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

Yes.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

And does my son hate me as you do?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

No

LORD ILLINGWORTH

I am glad of that, Rachel.

MRS ARBUTHNOT

He merely despises you.

LORD ILLINGWORTH

What a pity! What a pity for him, I mean

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

Don't be deceived, George Children begin by loving their parents After a time they judge them Rarely if ever do they forgive them

LORD ILLINGWORTH

[*Reads letter over again, very slowly*] May I ask by what arguments you made the boy who wrote this letter, this beautiful, passionate letter, believe that you should not marry his father, the father of your own child?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

It was not I who made him see it. It was another

LORD ILLINGWORTH

What *fin-de-siecle* person?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

The Puritan, Lord Illingworth [*A pause*]

LORD ILLINGWORTH

*[Winces, then rises slowly and goes over to table where his hat and gloves are]* MRS ARBUTHNOT is standing close to the table. He picks up one of the gloves, and begins putting it on. ] There is not much then for me to do here, Rachel?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

Nothing

LORD ILLINGWORTH

It is good-bye, is it?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

For ever, I hope, this time, Lord Illingworth

LORD ILLINGWORTH

How curious! At this moment you look exactly as you looked the night you left me twenty years ago. You have just the same expression in your mouth. Upon my word, Rachel, no woman ever loved me as you did. Why, you gave yourself to me like a flower, to do anything I liked with. You were the prettiest of playthings, the most fascinating of small romances. *[Pulls out watch]* Quarter to two! Must be strolling back to Hunstanton. Don't

suppose I shall see you there again I'm sorry, I am, really It's been an amusing experience to have met amongst people of one's own rank, and treated quite seriously too, one's mistress, and one's——

[MRS ARBUTHNOT *snatches up glove and strikes* LORD ILLINGWORTH *across the face with it* LORD ILLINGWORTH *starts* *He is dazed by the insult of his punishment* *Then he controls himself, and goes to window and looks out at his son* *Sighs and leaves the room* ]

MRS ARBUTHNOT

[*Falls sobbing on the sofa* ] He would have said it. He would have said it.

[*Enter GERALD and HESTER from the garden.* ]

GERALD

Well, dear mother You never came out after all So we have come in to fetch you. Mother, you have not been crying? [*Kneels down beside her* ]

MRS ARBUTHNOT

My boy! My boy! My boy! [*Running her fingers through his hair* ]

CHIVAPU  
art

HESTER

[*Coming over.*] But you have two children now  
You 'll let me be your daughter?

MRS ARBUTHNOT

[*Looking up.*] Would you choose me for a  
mother?

HESTER

You of all women I have ever known

[*They move towards the door leading into garden  
with their arms round each other's waists* GERALD  
goes to table L.C. for his hat. On turning round he  
sees LORD ILLINGWORTH'S glove lying on the floor, and  
picks it up ]

GERALD

Hallo, mother, whose glove is this? You have  
had a visitor Who was it?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

[*Turning round*] Oh! no one No one in  
particular A man of no importance:

CURTAIN